THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For MARCH, 1805.

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS,

1 Botany for Ladies, 115
2 The Monks and the Robbers, 116
3 The Origin of Villa Viciosa, 119
4 On Calumny, 120
5 The Romance of the Pyrenées, 121
6 Visit to the Giant-Mountains of Silesia, 133
7 Description of the City of Breslau, 139
8 Poor Matilda, a Fragment, 143
9 The New Comedy—To Marry or not to Marry, 145
10 The Country Town, a Comedy, 148
11 The Intrigue, 152
12 Mr. Smith and the Young Roscius, 155
13 London Walking Dress—Parisian Fashions, 156
14 Poetical Essays.—Lines upon a Picture representing the Death of Mark Antony.—April Alphabet—To Miss S.I-b-t, of Devonshire.—Lines to Miss Ell—s, Robertson's-row, Kingsland.—Parting.—Fair Anna's Fate.—Amelia's Grave.—Acrostic.—Another.—To Miss A—s P—l.—Acrostic. 157—160
15 Foreign News, 161
16 Home News, 164
17 Births, 167
18 Marriages, 167
19 Deaths, 168

This Number is embellished with the following Copper-Plates:

1 Botany: Two Plates.
2 London Walking Dress, elegantly coloured.
3 A new and elegant Pattern for a Sleeve of a Gown.
4 Music—'HOW CHEERFUL ALONG THE GAY MEAD,' from the Oratorio of Abel, by Dr. Arne; now singing with great applause by Mrs. Bland.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster-Row;

Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much obliged to Miss Eliz. Yeames for her communication.

Our readers will observe that *The Monks and the Robbers,* concerning the completion of which so many enquiries have been made, is promised by the author to be concluded next month.

The request of M. C. and other subscribers for the insertion of longer portions of *The Romance of the Pyrenées,* she will perceive, has been complied with this month; and it is intended that there shall not be less than eight or ten pages of that novel in each number till it is completed.

Eliza W—— will now see that the improvement she recommended, by giving plates of London Fashions, has been adopted.

The Lines on Mr. Webb's *Evening Walks,* signed A. B——y, are as deficient in metre and rhyme as in sense, candour, and politeness.

Edward, a ballad, by P. L.; *Lines to an early Primrose; Spring,* a rhapsody; E. T's. epigrams; the communications of Jane C-k-g and Clement Coote; are received. We shall endeavour to comply with the request of the latter.

We are sorry for the typographical mistake in R. Alchin's Defence of Mrs. Godwin, and accordingly insert the following

Erratum in our last—page 80, col. 1, line 3, for "have notwithstanding her errors"—read "have notwithstanding *avoided* her errors."

*** We have, in the present number, our readers will perceive, given *Two Plates* in illustration of *Dr. Thornton's Botany for Ladies,* commenced in the present month. We do not, however, mean to promise the same every month: there will be some lessons which will require no plate to elucidate them; but it was thought adviseable to give the plates relative to each lesson in the same number with the text they are intended to explain.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

Pl. 1.

Publish'd as the Act directs April 1, 1805, by Geo. Robinson, Paternoster Row, London.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

For MARCH, 1805.

BOTANY FOR LADIES.

By Dr. Thornton.

FIRST LESSON.

THE science of Botany is rendered so extremely terrific by the use of hard and crabbed terms, of difficult pronunciation, and foreign origin, that many of the fair sex are, probably, from this cause frightened from a study the most congenial to their natures. It has been often questioned, how far it was truly necessary to employ such terms in order to instruct in a science which otherwise possesses the most attractive charms. On the other hand it may be said, that all other sciences have their peculiar terms, and those of botany are only frightful and difficult from our not being accustomed to them, but that a little use will make them familiar to us, and our fears are precipitate. This will be very strongly exemplified in our very first onset towards the acquisition of this inviting science.

The gardens are flushed with the blooming beauties of the vegetable kingdom: let us pluck from yonder parterre a Poppy, a Tulip, and a Lilly (vide pl. 1. A, B, C); and, instead of admiring only their transient colours as the vulgar do, let us examine them with the eye of science.

We shall find in the center of each of these flowers a columnar appearance of a greenish hue, and this part has been called by botanists the PISTILLUM (pl. 2. figures A, B, C).

I think I observe the terror inspired by the word PISTILLUM; it will be fortunate, however, if the laugh is not turned against us profound botanists, who have derived this term from the Latin word PISTILLUM, which signifies a *pestle*, an instrument with which apothecaries pound their drugs in a mortar. Every one will now consent with me, that it is far better to employ the scientific learned appellation PISTILLUM, now in common use among botanists, than to give it an English air.

This part is also called THE FEMALE, in ordinary discourse, as bearing that office; for if we examine this part more narrowly, we shall find it to consist always of *two* (vide pl. 2. A, B) and not unfrequently of *three parts* (vide pl. 2. C).

The *lower part* of the PISTILLUM

is swollen at the base (like the *pestle* of the apothecary), and, from its resembling the *bud* in trees, is denominated the GERMEN, which is the Latin word for *bud* (vide pl. 2, *a, a, a*); and as we preferred the term *pistillum*, to *pestle*, so here we should rather choose to call this *inferior part* by the term GERMEN, than by the English word, BUD.

If we were to open the GERMEN we should find it replete with small *seeds*; hence the propriety of denominating the PISTILLUM the female. (Vide pl. 2. G, H, I.)

Connected with the GERMEN directly, or mediately, is a *second part*, called by botanists the STIGMA (vide pl. 2. A, B, *b, b*, and in C, *c*). In the tulip it is like a three-cornered-hat, and in the poppy radiated like a parapluie.

Long since familiarized to the expressions *germ* and *stigma*, we now pluck up our lost courage, and smile at the false terrors which are passed away. The Romans used to mark runaway slaves with an instrument called a *stigma*, just as we burn in the hand our criminals with a hot iron; and from such, I might say a strange fancy has also arisen this botanical term.

Sometimes the PISTILLUM has (as mentioned above) a *third* part connecting, or intermediate betwixt, these two, and this is called THE STYLE. (Vide pl. 2. C, *b*.) This word we are also accustomed to, as when we say a good style, and the derivation is likewise from the Latin, STYLUS signifying a steel instrument, with which formerly they wrote on tablets of wax, like engraving. Thus then to recapitulate:—

The PISTILLUM, or female of each flower, is composed of two parts,

1st. GERMEN, &
2d STIGMA;

or consists of *three* parts,

1st. GERMEN,
2d. STYLE, &
3d. STIGMA.

After a certain time the style and stigma wither, and the GERMEN assumes the office of the seed-vessel, when it is called

PERICARP (vide pl. 2. D, E, F), a word derived from the Greek PERI, *surrounding*, and KARPOS, the *seed*.

(To be continued.)

THE

MONKS AND THE ROBBERS;

A TALE.

(Continued from p. 86.)

THIS movement, though it startled me not a little at first, convinced me by the touch that it was the actual substance of Manfredi; and the superstitious apprehensions that, in spite of effort, I felt gathering fast upon me, dispersed in an instant, before the different and more pleasing sensations which the certainty of his existence produced. Manfredi seemed scarcely less amazed than myself; and, while we were absorbed in the emotion which this singular and unexpected meeting had excited in us both, my preserver, who I have since learnt was the man I had just before seen pursue the robber I followed, returned through the chapel, but we noticed not his approach till he stood before us. He seemed much surprised at beholding me, but not at all so at sight of my companion. They appeared, and I afterwards found they were, perfectly well known to each other. I found that Manfredi, like myself, was indebted for his life to this humane robber, who, accidentally passing by the spot where we supposed him to have been murdered, found him senseless and bleeding on

Publish'd as the Act directs April 1,1805, by Geo: Robinson, Paternoster Row London.

the ground. The assassins, disturbed, it is probable, by their approach, had not time to complete their murderous purpose. This humane robber, perceiving that life was not yet extinguished, bound up his wound, and, with the assistance of those who were with him, conveyed him to the lurking-place of his troop, and from thence among the ruins adjoining the chapel, where he attended to him himself as he did to me.

Count Verruci upon this enquired into his present state, and gave Rudolpho the most obliging charges to remember, that if any thing in his power could render him or Manfredi the least service it was freely at their command. Rudolpho thanked him for his courteous offer, and added, in reply to his enquiry, that, by the care and attention of the friendly robber, he was happily recovering, though not as yet perfectly restored.—'And now, my lord,' proceeded he, 'I have a matter to communicate which more immediately concerns yourself; I'm charged, my lord, with a message to you from this captain of banditti.'

'A message to me!' exclaimed the count in some surprise.

'Aye, my good lord, and rather an extraordinary one; for my own part I'm entirely at a loss to conjecture what it can mean. He bade me tell you, that the time is now come when that for which you have so long been seeking shall be restored; and then, repeating that message, enjoined me to deliver to you the exact words he had spoken: he said you would perfectly well understand what they meant.—'Tell him,' said he to me, the last thing when I departed, 'tell him you are come to conduct him hither. Tell him to come this night, and this night that promise shall be fulfilled.'

The count started at these words: his adventure among the ruins, and the promise he had there received, rushed upon his thoughts; and immediately concluding that this mysterious message had some reference to the restoration of his long-lost son, hope was once more rekindled in his bosom; but it was hope much repressed by doubt and disquietude: the ambiguity of the message, and the strange and unexpected channel by which it came, made him look forward to the event it promised with a kind of doubtful joy—with joy mingled with many apprehensions of being deceived and disappointed in this matter, for which he had waited with such eager and anxious expectations—those expectations which now impelled him unhesitatingly to a resolution of obeying the summons he had received.

It was now past sun-set, and darkness began to overspread the face of the earth: yet the count, ardently desiring the performance of the promise, and restless and agitated by alternate hope and fear, brooked not the smallest delay, but ordered preparations to be made for immediate departure; and, at the head of a band of well-armed dependants, he and Rudolpho set forward to the forest with all expedition. The moon by this time had arisen, and its clear and cloudless light assisted the travellers in their progress through the gloomy and almost impenetrable wastes, far retired in which lay the place they sought to reach.

They had now advanced some time through this dreary wilderness, when, entering a rocky and mountainous region toward their journey's end, they found the way afforded but an uncertain and dangerous footing to the horses; they therefore dismounted, and on foot ascending the steep and rugged declivities of the rocks, arrived and halted in a hollow way deeply embosomed between high and overhanging crags. As they advanced toward this place, the count

thought he recollected the way, but, on entering it, he directly recognised the very same where he first encountered the phantom.—'This is the spot, my lord,' said Rudolpho, as they past into it, 'to which I was to conduct you.'—Scarcely had he spoken these words when the hollow voice of the spectre was heard from the midst of the rocks. The count and Rudolpho both started at the sound; and the latter, looking in astonishment around, began to feel an unusual and by no means agreeable sensation stealing over him; and that sensation increased when he perceived the tall majestic figure of the apparition gliding beneath the shade of the surrounding rocks. He gazed intently upon it as it approached; and, though not addicted to superstition, he could not but feel that its presence oppressed him with some alarm. The shadow slowly advanced upon a part enlightened by the rays of the moon, and waved its arm as if they were to advance. Again it waved them forward, and the count directly obeyed. It glided away, by the same path as before; and the count, without hesitation, followed. Rudolpho, recovering from the emotion which this awful appearance excited, endeavoured to persuade him by no means to go with it; but his resolution was already taken, and persuasion was fruitless. Rudolpho, finding this, determined, that since he would follow it he should not follow it alone: let the consequences be what they might, he would accompany him; and with that, unsheathing his sword, he pursued the footsteps of the count.

Descending the steep declivities that led among the ruins, they proceeded silently between some piles of rubbish, and a few steps brought them beneath a half-decayed gateway, which in former times had been the principal entrance to the monastery. Entering on one side of this arch a kind of chamber surrounded by a low stone bench, on which stood a lighted lamp, the shadow halted before them, and, throwing off its flowing habiliments, discovered beneath a tall robust figure, accoutred in a leathern cuirass; a short cloke hung upon his back, an iron cap covered his head, and a ponderous sword, of antique workmanship, was slung from his girdle. The count and Rudolpho both started with astonishment at this phenomenon; and that astonishment increased, while the awful sensations which had preceded it gradually but rapidly diminished; when, advancing close to them, the figure laid its hand upon Verruci—'Be not alarmed, count!' it cried, in a tone deep indeed, but far less hollow and terrific than before, 'it is the substance, not the shadow, of your friend Morena.'

So strongly was the count persuaded of the death of the barrone, and of this figure's being the shade and not the corporeal frame of his friend, that the surprise of finding it otherwise deprived him during some time of all power of utterance and of motion; while Rudolpho, recovering himself almost directly, exclaimed, in a tone of infinite surprise, and looking intently on Morena—'Santa Vergine! is it you, signor? in faith you have not surprised us a little!' and with these words, turning to Verruci—'This is the signor,' said he, 'whom I mentioned to you, by whom I was snatched from destruction, and to whom I am indebted.'

'Go to! pray you no more o'that,' interrupted Morena; 'I have matters of more concern to you both to speak of. I promised you, Rudolpho, that every thing which had excited your curiosity relative to myself should be fully explained, and I shall keep my word: and you, my lord,' added he,

addressing himself to Verruci, 'shall find that the promise I made while I personated a ghost shall not vanish with my ghostly appearance. I promised that your long-lost son should be restored to you; and now, signor,' proceeded he, taking Rudolpho by the hand, 'behold him!'

Both started with fresh astonishment at this; and Morena directly added, 'Give me leave a while, and this mystery shall soon be explained.'

(To be concluded in the next.)

THE ORIGIN OF VILLA VICIOSA.

AT the distance of about fifty miles from Madrid is a little town, pleasantly situated and neatly built, but distinguished by the reproachful appellation of *Villa Viciosa*. Various reasons have been assigned for its receiving this name; and the celebrated father Feijoo—whose essays, published under the title of *Teatro Critico* (The Theatre of Criticism), reflect so much honour on himself and Spain, seldom honoured by literary productions—has written a small tract on this subject, entitled 'The Complaint and Vindication of Villa Viciosa.' In this tract the town is introduced complaining of the topographers, and writers of tours, for falsely depreciating its air, its water, and its soil; and seeking even in the bowels of the earth on which it stands for the cause of an opprobrious name, with the real origin of which they appear to have been unacquainted.

In other countries, says father Feijoo, vice alone is branded with the stigma of infamy; but in Spain the same reproach attends on whatever is esteemed meanness. Glory is the passion of the country, and a name and long line of ancestry are respected more than any laws divine or human. All errors are treated with severity, and those especially which appear disgraceful in their consequences. When, therefore, a person of noble and illustrious birth marries one who is greatly inferior to him in rank, he forfeits the esteem of all his equals, and is treated by them with the utmost contempt. That which in more liberal and enlightened countries is often an effect of prudence, and at the worst a departure from propriety which may claim forgiveness, is there a greater and more lasting infamy even than depriving a fellow creature of life.

In the days when the extravagant punctilios of high birth were scrupulously attended to, and long before Cervantes had laughed them and some others out of fashion, a Spanish nobleman of the first class, whose name the author has suppressed to avoid giving offence to his family, discovered captivating charms, and the most estimable virtues, in a person greatly his inferior. The Spaniards of those days held gallantry to be honourable, while they treated a disproportionate marriage as the worst of crimes. The nobleman attacked the fair of whom he had become enamoured. He rode before her window; he procured music to serenade her; he displayed before her all the splendour of dress and equipage which was suitable to his distinguished rank and fortune; and invoked her in amorous songs, as the inspiring genius by whose influence he became superior in every manly and liberal exercise.

The lady was less reserved than, perhaps, she would have been, had her station in life been more exalted. She saw him freely, and he flattered himself that success was certain. When he poured forth all his passion, she owned that she did not view him with indifference. He was in extasies at his conquest: but it was a short-lived glory; for when he spoke of love, she talked of marriage.

Having owned her affection for him, she explained the delicate and exalted nature of it; and when he hinted at dishonourable terms, she rejected them with a dignified disdain. He offered her immense sums; but she told him the value of virtue was a thousand times greater. He swore eternal constancy; but she ridiculed his vows, and answered him that there could be no truth in an engagement the foundation of which was in vice. He urged the impossibility of marriage: she told him death was easy. 'If you are insincere, my lord,' said she, 'I ought only to despise you: yet when you leave me, my life must end; and if you love me, as you have declared, still less can I consent to live if the irremoveable barrier which rank has placed between us must eternally separate me from you and your love, however ardent and sincere, except on terms which must render all my future life dishonourable and contemptible, not only in my own eyes, but, on reflexion, even in yours. No: death is unavoidable, and infinitely preferable to either of these dreadful evils.' Thus saying, she drew a dagger, exhibiting it as her determined resource.

The nobleman paused, for love reigned absolute in his heart; and he cast down his eyes that he might not too evidently betray his feelings. He entreated her to desist from, at least to delay, the execution of her stern purpose; and she granted him all the time he asked. 'My life and death,' said she, 'are yours; and yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, or hereafter, are all equal. What matters it whether I begin this week or the next to be forgotten?'

They parted, and, in despite of custom and prejudice, the Spaniard found that his countrymen were fools; that virtue, always and in all ranks of life, is and must be honour; and that there could be no just infamy but in forsaking one whose soul disdained the meanness of its birth, and who to the Roman spirit, which could brave death, added the Christian reverence for virtue. He married her. Long he pleaded in vain with his family and friends for a pardon of what they considered as a crime; and when he found that pride had banished reason and virtue from their hearts, he retired for ever from them, and, fixing on the delightful spot where this town now stands, built the first house, the remains of which are, it is said, still to be seen.

Example can effect much, though it cannot hastily wean a whole nation from its habitual opinions and deep-rooted errors. While the grave folly of the nation maintained the spirit of contempt against this innovator, any one whom love reduced to his condition, when he could not prevail on terms of infamy, consented to retire. The first erected edifice had soon its similar companions, and there arose an elegant town on the ruins of what the Spaniards call glory. It hence received the ill-merited name by which it has ever since been called; and when any person was observed to shew attention to a female beneath him, it was proverbially said—'Such a one is going to settle at Villa Viciosa.'

ON CALUMNY.

CALUMNY may be defined a false injurious detraction from the character of any person either in speech or writing. The most abandoned and sordid minds have the least abhorrence of calumny. He who is but moderately wicked dares not venture upon it: he who has the least particle of ingenuousness in his disposition disdains it. One asked a Spartan whether his sword was sharp? He answered—Sharper than calumny.

THE

ROMANCE *of the* PYRENEES.

[*By a Lady.*]

(*Continued from p. 74.*)

CHAP. XXII.

FROM this state, so nearly approaching to insensibility, was our heroine recalled by conte Vicenza and Gonzalvo, who entered the dungeon in about an hour after she fell. Pale, trembling, and dismayed, she arose from her pallet; but without power to stand, she sunk upon the only seat her prison afforded. Wistfully she looked around her; but nothing could she see of what had so dreadfully alarmed her. Gonsalvo trimmed, lighted the lamp, and departed, leaving Polydore to persecute still further the hapless innocent victim of his villany, and who now beheld him with additional abhorrence; for, beside the depravity of his conduct towards herself, he now stood confessed to her as the pre-meditating murderer of her beloved brother. Her soul sickened at the presence of this arch-fiend; her frame was chilled with horror as she viewed him, who hastened to demand her final determination. But ere she replied, she mentally addressed a fervent prayer to Heaven, to support her in a firm adherence to those resolutions her sense of rectitude inspired; nor to allow the horrors she had in that dungeon encountered, or those more dreadful which she might be threatened with, to enervate her mind, and terrify her from that path which virtue herself marked out. At length she answered, and spoke, with firmness, a determined unequivocal negative to his vile proposition.

Again the conte urged his suit with all the sophistical rhetoric a mind profound in art could supply him with, threatening every calamity to her which he knew her spotless soul would revolt from if she should persist in her present determination. But instead of beguiling her reason, or intimidating her firmness, he had the mortification of each moment perceiving the tones of her mind visibly acquiring new power; and, irrevocable as death, he found her resolution to encounter every horror don Manuel and his dæmons might torture her with, rather than yield to a measure replete with danger to her beloved brother.

'You then, Victoria,' said the conte in a phrensy of rage, disappointment, and mortification, 'you then decidedly reject my honourable protection, and willingly remain here a prey to vice? Little did I imagine depravity had shelter in that bosom; and that you, whom I fondly thought the most spotless child of virtue, would voluntarily await a fate that purity would shrink from.'

Victoria darted a look of ineffable scorn upon him—'Whatever fate may await me here,' she replied, 'I prefer it, infinitely prefer it, to becoming the wife of a man whom every good property of my soul recoils from. Great is the difference made, in the records of heaven's chancery, between voluntary and involuntary action. Unwillingly was I brought hither; by force am I detained here; and whatever may befall me through the villany of others my Judge will not condemn me for. But were I to sign that contract, knowing, as I do, the dreadful crime it would occasion—*yes*, conte Vicenza, knowing it would be the *fiat* for my beloved Alphonso's assassination—my soul would find no mercy. I act from principles which tortures shall not shake.'

Her manner was even more de-

cisive than her words. It spoke not the transient enthusiasm of the moment; its language was the calm firmness of a soul resolved; and conte Vicenza, overwhelmed with shame and amazement at the knowledge of his meditated assassination of conte Ariosto being no secret to her, quitted the dungeon in a fermentation of contending passions, with their concomitant miseries, and uttering a thousand threats of vengeance for her obstinacy and ingratitude; when Victoria, believing his departure to be the signal for Garcias to return and renew his savage sport of tormenting her, and feeling that her enfeebled frame could not long sustain such cruelty, calmly and humbly sunk upon her knees with all the fervent piety of a true Christian, without a single murmur at a doom so sad and unmerited; satisfied that death would soon rescue her from every ill; and, as a Christian devoted to die within a given time, she hastened to prepare for the awful and inevitable moment of dissolution; and in about four hours after the conte's departure, had an assassin entered her cell, she would have met the stroke of death undismayed. But not with such heavenly serenitude did she receive don Manuel, who appeared alone.

With the air and manner of a most ardent and respectful lover he approached the lovely, agitated, persecuted Victoria; to whom he apologised, with all the insinuating blandishments his designing heart and flowery eloquence could supply him with, for the ungentle treatment she had received through the unfortunate supposition of her mental derangement; but that now, from the ingenuous confession of dottore Impazzato, who had just acknowledged his reprehensible mistake, and proclaimed her intellectual health, he was come to implore her pardon, and to conduct her from that wretched abode where ignorance had placed her.

He now offered his hand to lead our heroine, who accepted it with the tacit resignation of hopelessness, but with a tremor so excessive, that it was with difficulty she proceeded from the dungeon to the library, where conte Vicenza, his young companion, Garcias, and Hero, were assembled.

Don Manuel placed his lovely trembling captive upon a sopha, and seated himself beside her; when in the showy flowers of his rhetoric he hastened to declare an ardent and unchangeable passion for her, and his unalterable resolution of making her his immediately, by the most irrevocable ties which the laws of that community he had the honour of belonging to would admit of. Then he informed her, without waiting for her reply, or indeed seeming to think one necessary, that on the table before her lay the contract for their union, which had already been signed by him in the presence of his friends and vassals before whom she must now affix her signature; and concluded with an artful insinuation of no person, however beloved, daring to dispute or disobey his decrees with impunity.

Victoria, shocked and dismayed beyond expression, scarcely retained the power of respiration, while Garcias, with savage exultation, pushed the table close to her, on which a parchment and an inkstand lay: and upon a signal from don Manuel, several of his ruffian soldiery rushed in, some under arms, and some bearing horrible and terrific implements for torture; and in an instant they ranged themselves in awful divisions before the three unoccupied sides of the table—cruelty and death gleaming in their most direful aspect from each grim, dark, and ruthless countenance.

Don Manuel, snatching Victoria's hand, put a pen into it and placed it on the spot where he desired her instantly to sign her name. She panted for breath; her senses in alarm were all forsaking her; and coward fear was about to guide her trembling hand in striving to trace her signature, when a thought, suggested by her expiring reason, of its being the very contract which would bind her to conte Vicenza, recalled at once her fleeting faculties. Precipitately she arose, and, dashing the pen indignantly from her, exclaimed with emphasis—

'Sign my brother's death-warrant!—Never!—Men, take your victim, and Heaven receive my soul in innocence!'

'Oh! matchless virtue!' exclaimed don Manuel; while Garcias, with horrid imprecations, consigned our heroine and her innocence to his own black patron; and, rudely seizing her, affirmed with an oath, that he would that instant make her sign the contract. But from this profane wretch's touch her pure spirit recoiled, and she sunk upon the couch she had just arisen from as apparently lifeless as if the ruffian soldiery had performed the task she had reason to believe assigned to them: and several minutes elapsed before she betrayed the smallest symptom of returning respiration, and many more before she opened her languid eyes, when she found herself extended upon the couch, and don Manuel, with tenderest solicitude, bathing her temples with restoratives; the young stranger applying salts to her nose; while, in an attitude of much anxiety, conte Vicenza was standing bent over the couch, with one hand resting against the wainscot. Don Manuel and the young stranger had scarcely time to inquire how Victoria found herself, when the conte uttering a cry of horror, his hand fell from its resting-place, his eyes, nostrils, and mouth distended with strong expression of dreadful amazement, while his looks were fixed in earnest gaze of speechless dismay upon the wainscot. Fear's cold tremor pervaded all his faculties; his breast heaved convulsively, and he at length fell to the ground in a swoon; while nothing was seen by any one else present that could at all account for such consternation, and such a serious effect.

The general attention was now of course turned from our heroine to conte Vicenza; and don Manuel choosing to have him removed to his chamber, he was accordingly conveyed away; when Victoria happily found herself relieved from further persecution for the present. When supper-time arrived, don Manuel, with much appearance of tender solicitude, supported our heroine to her accustomed seat at the supper-table. Garcias and Hero following, took their usual places. Nothing of Polydore or his young companion was heard of or seen, and an almost total silence prevailed. Garcias, gloomy and sullen, evidently betrayed, by the glances of malignant triumph he occasionally directed to Victoria, that he was brooding new mischief. Don Manuel was abstracted, and often apparently lost in painful musing, but by no means inattentive to our poor heroine when out of these frequent reveries. No, indeed; far from it: often during his fits of meditation his eyes were riveted in pensive earnestness upon her; and when he addressed her, his looks and voice were softened to a degree of tenderness that seemed the genuine effusion of the purest feelings of susceptibility.

At length this almost silent meeting was dissolved by Juan, who at the usual hour appeared to conduct Victoria and Hero to their chamber. Juan alone performing this ceremony

darted a pang of bitter affliction through the feeling heart of our heroine. 'Where now, alas! were Teresa, Hippolyto, and Diego?' She burst into tears at the horrid retrospection; and with a voice broken by agonising sobs she bade don Manuel good night, and with a sorrowful heart and streaming eyes followed Juan to her gloomy chamber. Passing Diego's room, now desolate and uninhabited, added new poignancy to her grief, and in an agony of tears she threw herself into a seat between her own bed and the secret passage to the church.

Juan hastened to trim the lamp, and retired leaving our poor heroine alone with the woman whom she had been taught to believe meditated the most direful mischief against her, and the determined deadly malice of whose looks added considerably to her apprehensions. She trembled at the idea of enclosing herself with such a bitter foe, and shutting out all assistance should Hero's vengeance lead to her requiring any. But her fears of conte Vicenza and Garcias conquering every other, she with trembling hands, and eyes full of suspicion fixed upon her companion, barricadoed the door, and then returned to her seat close to the secret passage; through which she resolved to retreat, should Hero approach her with hostile intent: and having placed the lamp conveniently for taking with her, she justly concluded that Hero, left in total darkness, and unacquainted with the actuating spring, would be unable to pursue her.

Having now arranged the only plan of safety she had in her power to adopt, Victoria glanced her streaming eyes around her gloomy chamber, where every thing which met her view bespoke Teresa's absence. The beds unmade—the ashes littering the hearth since the fire of the last night save one—the collection of culinary utensils still remaining, which poor Teresa's kindness had collected there to prepare nourishment for her—all, all was comfortless: and the desolation of her apartment brought the forlorn misery of her situation more forcibly into her mind; and she sobbed, nay almost groaned, from the anguish of her heart. She was now left friendless, and destitute of every aid. She clasped her hands in an agony of despair, and, starting from her seat, exclaimed, in the most piteous cadence of affliction, 'Where, where have I now a hope to rest upon!' Suddenly the whole expression of her countenance changed; she sunk upon her knees, her hands still raised, and firmly she said—

'In heaven, upon my God!'

Every idea of fear was now lost in the pure fervor of sincere piety; and for upwards of twenty minutes Victoria lost the recollection of every thing but the omnipotence and mercy of him whom she was humbly addressing. The potent balm distilled from the beautiful plant christianity dropped gently into her wounded heart; her pain assuaged, her spirits tranquillised by its sweet influence, she arose from her knees, and found her chamber occupied by herself alone.

Great indeed was the amazement of our heroine. The door still remained fastened upon the inside as she had left it. The trap could not have moved without its sounds, so forcibly impressed upon her recollection, awakening her attention; nor could Hero have passed through the passage to the church without disturbing her, as she knelt in such a direction as totally to prevent the departure or entrance of any one that way unknown to her. How then could Hero have possibly disappeared? Was it friends, or was it foes who conveyed her away? Her

friends must be Hero's enemies; and with them the vindictive creature would not surely have gone without resistance; *that* she must have heard. However, go by what means soever, Victoria beheld her departure as the kindness of Heaven to herself; and, devoid of apprehension from the mysterious event, she shortly after retired to bed; where, although surrounded by horrors of every denomination, she slept until morning; and more serenely sweet were her slumbers than those of the persons who (though still the free agents of their own actions) had the power to injure her; for she had no pang of conscience to disturb her sleep; and, enveloped in the pure faith of true piety, she believed herself secure.

CHAP. XXIII.

IN the morning, when Juan came to conduct Victoria from her chamber, he inquired for Hero; and, on being informed of her mysterious disappearance, he betrayed the most evident amazement; and, on preceding our heroine into the parlour (where Don Manuel, Garcias and conte Vicenza's young companion were assembled), hastened to announce the vanishing of Hero. Although Don Manuel was visibly astonished and discomposed at the intelligence, he made no comment on it, but strove to hide his chagrin and surprise in attention to Victoria; while Garcias, more vehement in temper and less master of dissimulation, betrayed the most violent sensations of astonishment and consternation; while half sentences of mysterious import fell unguardedly from him; and it required all the address of the wary Manuel to awaken him to a sense of his imprudence, without further increasing the curiosity or conjectures of the stranger.

They all soon after sat down to breakfast, when Don Manuel's manners to our heroine were as on the preceding evening; while the young stranger looked upon her with increased pity and admiration. Victoria was a silent spectator of this meal. The sight of Garcias, and the sensuous assiduities of Don Manuel, ever renewed those terrors which her reliance upon Providence subdued in their absence; and the recollection of what she had already encountered in that castle, and the dreadful apprehension of what in this day she might be doomed to, made up an olio of misery for her to feed upon, and threw such a sadly interesting expression of the affliction of her mind into her wan and languid, though still lovely countenance, that Don Manuel seemed much affected; and once, after gazing pensively at her for some moments, he turned to Garcias and said something to him, but in so low a tone Victoria could not distinguish one word of it: but not so was the reply of Garcias delivered; for, striking his clinched hand against the table, he emphatically exclaimed—

'D—-d pusillanimous nonsense! What! be turned to a milksop by the pitiful sorrow of a whining girl's countenance? For shame! have you not ever found vengeance sweet? Remember'—when, now perceiving Victoria was listening attentively to him, he suddenly ceased, darting a petrifying look of brutal malice at her that made her tremble. Shortly after breakfast being ended, he arose, and, sullenly desiring the young man to accompany him, departed through the glass door into the piazza.

Highly and reasonably as Victoria feared and hated Garcias, she saw his departure with the most painful emotions; as it left her totally alone with Don Manuel, who, though she now, from his late conduct towards

her, firmly believed pitied her, was yet compelled to take a cruel part against her; and, in sad expectation of hearing something torturing to her feelings from him, she some time trembling sat, when at length Don Manuel broke the silent interval by a repetition of his ardent passion for her, and an information of his fixed resolution of making her his without delay; and, as she so highly disapproved, he said, of the long-established custom of affiancing adopted in the castle, he should, contrary to the approbation and wishes of his associates, have the marriage ceremony performed by a priest, who was to be admitted for that sacred purpose the succeeding morning at ten o'clock, when he trusted her own good sense and ductile disposition would prevent the necessity of resorting to any violent or disagreeable measures; and, that she would graciously, before his friends and vassals, make him the happiest of mankind, by unreluctantly bestowing her hand upon him.

Victoria, subdued by horror and agitation, could not articulate a reply. She could only bow a kind of hopeless acquiescence. Well she knew that if this marriage was determined upon, her struggling against such superior power would prove ineffectual, while her appearance of submission might possibly prevent the adoption of any violence against her during the twenty-four hours of respite now employed; and during that period she fondly hoped the goodness of Providence would intervene to save her from this dreadful fate which now threatened her.

The acquiescence of Victoria to his proposition, although too evidently a painful assent, so much amazed Don Manuel, that, instead of doing what an ardent lover would have done —thank her for her kindness—he, in a tone of much astonishment, exclaimed—

'What can this mean, lady Victoria? You this morning unhesitatingly consent to honour me with your hand, whilst yesterday you preferred death to affixing your signature to our contract. Surely there must be some illusion. You have some subterfuge. Some one has dared to meditate and promise you escape from—'

Victoria now raised her eyes, filled with all the sublimated fire of virtue. 'Don Manuel,' she firmly said, 'I *dare* to act as my principles direct me. My union with you can only lead me to misery, but not to guilt; and if it is the will of Heaven to consign me to a life of wretchedness, I will patiently submit to its harsh dispensations, whilst my cheerless days can be taught fortitude by the firm hope of happiness in a world to come. But was I now to sign that contract, knowing as I do the direful pitiless crime it would be the black mandate for committing, I should become a diabolical principal in the monstrous guilt: and what balm of future bliss could still the rankling wounds of conscience? Tortures, I again affirm, shall not make me guilty; but in your power it is to make me wretched.'

At the close of her last sentence Victoria's firmness forsook her, and she burst into tears.

'Heaven forbid,' exclaimed Don Manuel, 'that I should make such exalted virtue wretched! No, lady Victoria, no; believe me, although it may be in my power, it will never be in my inclination to afflict you;" and with the most benign and conciliating tenderness he took her handkerchief from her hand to wipe her tears himself away. At this moment the sound of near-approaching footsteps struck his ears from the

piazza, and he heard the voice of Garcias: he started from Victoria's side; and had her eyes at that moment been turned upon him, she would have seen a marked and instantaneous change of expression diffuse itself over his countenance. The tenderness of sympathy gave way to a smile of rapturous triumph; and, as he met Garcias and his young companion at the door, he joyfully exclaimed—

'The angel smiles propitiously, and I am the most to be envied of mankind.'

Garcias advancing, stood before Victoria, and through his heavy and bent brows fixed his penetrating ferocious eyes for some moments in an earnest gaze of doubt, surprise, and scrutiny upon her; and, as he turned away, his face displayed a smile so diabolical, so ghastly, so mysterious, that Victoria could not define it, though it made her shudder.

'Don Manuel,' said the wretch with a dæmonian sneer, 'I am grieved to tear you from this condescending angel by cruelly reminding you of that terrestrial vulgarism, business; but this is, alas! the moment for your attending an appointment of the utmost consequence.'

Don Manuel now bade adieu to our heroine, and with Garcias was about to leave the room, when the young man who loitered behind, evidently anxious to gain a moment's conversation with Victoria, recurred to his recollection, and suddenly he stopped.

'Conte Urbino,' said he, "your uncle requires your attendance, so pray lead the way: nor can I submit to your paying your devoirs to this lady, who in some hours hence will be my bride. Go, signior, you are too young and too dangerous a rival for me not to fear you.'

The young cavalier, overwhelmed with confusion, chagrin, and disappointment, departed with Don Manuel and Garcias, leaving Victoria sick at heart with misery and apprehension.

This young man then, thought our heroine, is conte di Urbino; he who is so universally esteemed for his amiable qualities. He doubtlessly compassionates my distress, and wishes to befriend me. It was evident that he had something of moment to impart to me, and Don Manuel would not suffer him to speak to me—Don Manuel my destined husband! Oh, pitying Heaven, can this be thy decree? Tears of bitterest anguish now burst from her eyes, and for some moments she sobbed convulsively. At length, while painful reflexion agonised her mind, her last interview with Don Manuel repassed in retrospection. His manners, when unrestrained by the presence of Garcias, seemed more the effusions of pity than of love; and she now felt fully convinced of what she had during the last day suspected, that he only affected to be her lover to forward the vile schemes of conte Vicenza and his vile coadjutor Garcias. She had surmised from many circumstances, even before she had so providentially found that torn part of a letter in the dungeon, that Polydore's following her to Don Manuel's castle had been part of the plan adjusted even before she had been sent from France; and Don Manuel having so openly named conte di Urbino before her, seemed as if he no longer thought it necessary to affect ignorance of his knowledge of his new guest, whom at first it was evident they wished her to consider as a captive. And now the result of all this retrospection was, a thorough conviction that there was no real intention of uniting her to Don Manuel, but that something perhaps even more dreadful, which this measure was meant to aid in terrifying her into, awaited her on the morrow. She

shuddered, she trembled, and at length asked herself, Can I do nothing to prevent the realising these anticipated horrors?

Oh yes! she suddenly thought: she was now alone, and most probably unobserved; this was then, therefore, her only opportunity of striving to obtain even one moment's conference with Sebastian, who was capable of advising her, and would interest Francisco to protect her further. She hastily approached the door of Sebastian's apartment; and as she went, she thought of her friend in the church, with whom her illness had excluded all communication, and about whom she had sustained much painful anxiety; but now firmly believing that his departure had long since taken place, she cast a wistful look towards the map, accompanied by a deep-heaved sigh and starting tear, which she hastily wiped away as she gently tapped at Sebastian's door. No answer being returned she rapped again, but still no answer.

Vexation at her disappointment inspired our heroine with the temerity to knock louder, when the only answer she received was from the babbling echo repeating the sound of her knocks, which vibrated loudly along the vaulted roof of the library. Attentively she listened—all within was silent as the grave. Her painful anxiety to be heard induced her to try her voice, hoping if that reached Sebastian's ears he would recollect it, and in pity appear to her. Sebastian's name she therefore repeated several times, louder and still louder each reiteration, but still to no purpose; when almost driven to despair by disappointment and terror for the safety of her venerable friend, she suddenly heard her own name distinctly repeated in a gentle and well-known voice. Victoria's heart almost bounded from its seat with surprise and joy; and timidly but hastily turning her eyes to where they were so unexpectedly summoned, she beheld the chasm leading to the church open, and her but too much admired young friend, whom she had firmly believed far distant, standing within it, who eagerly beckoned her approach, and she hesitated not to comply as speedily as the agitation of her frame would admit of.

'Great and terrible has been the anxiety which I have suffered, lady Victoria, since last we met,' said he, tenderly but respectfully taking her trembling hand. 'I knew of your illness, of your danger, and, oh happiness! of your recovery. Again I waited with eager solicitude and impatience here; but you forgot me, and no longer sought to meet a friend who would—but I must not waste the precious fleeting moments in telling you all my friendship would lead me to do for you, since I am happily here to inform you what I can do to serve you.'

Victoria, overpowered by joy, hope, surprise, timidity, stood covered with the varying blushes of sensibility, trembling and in tears, unable to articulate a single sentence.

'Compose your fluttered spirits I conjure you, dearest lady Victoria,' continued the stranger in the softest tones of gentle kindness, whilst his intelligent countenance displayed the most animated interest in every thing that could affect her. "Let me intreat you to exert your fortitude to hear with firmness that the moment for your liberation draws very near I trust. All will be in readiness this very night for your escape. Be firm, I implore you, in your belief of my integrity; and when the castle clock strikes one, fearlessly venture from you chamber through the secret passage to the church. I will be at the shrine, to receive and conduct you to some other of your

friends, who with myself will convey you to any place of refuge you may wish to fly to. I entreat, I conjure you, exert your mental powers until we again meet; since you will, alas! have no other support till then. Temporise with the assassins of your peace by affected submission; and, if possible, by an appearance of composure, lead them into a belief of your having become more compliant than you have hitherto been. This will at least insure you a cessation from persecution during your continuance with them, and probably may prevent the forming of any new plan to interfere with our projected escape. Come then, cheer up, dearest lady Victoria; condescend for once to deceive, and, ere morning, I trust you will be in a place of safety. And now, adieu! until the propitious hour of one: no longer dare I indulge myself by staying here; for, were I now to be discovered, fatal would be the blow given to all my schemes, to all my fondest hopes. Farewell! and may Heaven protect and support you, most amiable, most interesting of human beings!'

With a graceful and tenderly respectful bow he precipitately closed the pannel, and Victoria sunk upon the couch beneath it, her mind in a tumult of sensations that almost subdued every faculty. While her young friend had been present, she had lost the power of articulation. Soon after he was gone she recollected fifty things she wished to say to him. She looked wistfully towards the aperture —it was indeed closed. She doubted if his momentary appearance had not been an illusion of her disturbed imagination. Reflexion convinced her he had been there, and had promised to rescue her from horror and misery that very night.

Her tears now flowed in torrents, unlike those she had long been accustomed to shed; for these were tears of joy, and, as long absent strangers, she gave them free indulgence. At length, becoming more composed, Heaven had her grateful acknowledgments for its promised kindness: and as her perturbation subsided, her reason began to operate; and, fearing every thing which might lead to a discovery of her intended escape, she judged it expedient to quit the library, lest her own consciousness of what had just occurred there might by some means awaken suspicion of a something, and lead to observation, and ultimately to detection; therefore, with trembling steps and a palpitating heart, she measured her way to the eastern piazza, where she seated herself, and was fully occupied by busy thought until dinner time, when Don Manuel himself came out to seek her and conducted her into the parlour, where conte Vicenza, his nephew, and Garcias, were already assembled — Polydore looking very pale, languid, and thoughtful, his nephew dejected beyond measure, and seeming as if he no longer dared to turn his admiring pitying eyes upon Victoria.

The spirits of our heroine were too much agitated to admit of her availing herself of the attentive hospitality of Don Manuel during the repast; but, mindful of the advice her young friend had given her, she strove to appear unembarrassed and serene; but a novice in art, she could not preserve that even degree of tranquillity indicative of a mind at ease. Nature was Victoria's guide, and the feelings she inspired could not be concealed. One moment fear and anxiety, in despite of every effort, sunk her to the lowest degree of sadness; while, in the next, hope elevated her spirits to such a pitch, that the bright emanations of joy, too powerful for disguise, would burst from her heart in some mirthful sally

of playful gaiety which charmed Don Manuel, surprised and displeased conte Vicenza, increased his nephew's dejection, and drew an expression of mysterious triumph into the diabolical countenance of Garcias.

When dinner was ended, conte Vicenza complained of being still so much of an invalid as to feel exhausted and to require rest; he therefore retired to take a siesto, accompanied by his nephew, whom he ordered to watch by him while he slept; and Don Manuel, after many tender speeches and apologies to Victoria, departed upon business, attended by Garcias. Happy in being thus relieved from society so hateful to her, our heroine resolved to avail herself of this unexpected opportunity to go to her chamber, there to make some arrangements for her promised escape. Accordingly, when she reached her chamber, she took from her baggage the parcels she had formerly made up, containing her trinkets, and deposited them in her pockets, lest, in the moment of departure, her spirits, hurried as they doubtless would be, might occasion her leaving them behind her. A parcel with some changes of linen she concealed in her bed, as being too large to carry about her: and as Victoria carefully looked over every article her baggage contained, that she might not leave any thing portable behind her which she might afterwards regret, a length of time necessarily elapsed before she was ready to return to the parlour; and, just as she was preparing to leave her room, she, to her utter dismay, heard a hollow bound against the trap-door, and immediately after an attempt made to force back the bolts. Alarmed beyond measure, she flew to the chamber door, when her flight that way was unexpectedly prevented by the murmuring sound of voices in the lobby. Should she venture or should she not? She trembled with apprehension—she hesitated—she listened attentively, and was no longer in doubt. She distinguished the voice of Garcias, and in an inftant darted through the tapestry door, which she carefully closed after her; and, without waiting to take breath or consider what she was about, swiftly glided down the staircase, raised the step with ease, and, unannoyed by any impediment, in a few moments found herself in the church, making the best of her way to the passage into the library, which she hoped to enter unobserved, as at that hour she never remembered to have seen any of Don Manuel's people in the library.

On approaching the monument leading to the passage, Victoria looked with trembling caution around her; and, on arriving at the short dark arcade communicating with the other aisle, she suddenly stopped to inspect it, from the shelter a cluster of pillars at the corner afforded her, lest in passing the end, which she must do to reach the monument, she might be seen and discovered by some of those people the stranger warned her of. The instant she took her station among the pillars she distinctly heard the sound of retreating footsteps along the passage. The icy chill of fear thrilled through her heart. Cautiously and apprehensively she glanced her eyes along the arcade, and beheld her young friend walking slowly on, with one arm supporting a female, of a commanding height and most graceful form, a hand of whom rested familiarly upon his shoulder.

A pang of torture never before felt by our heroine now shot through her throbbing heart—a death-like sickness assailed her—she tottered, and sunk at the foot of the pillars which concealed her, but still directing her eyes in earnest gaze upon her friend and his companion, who at length stopped, apparently in serious confer-

ence. Worlds, had she possessed them, would Victoria have given to hear the subject of their conversation, but by listening she would not for worlds obtain that gratification. Chance had conducted her to where these lovers, believing themselves unobserved, were pouring out the secrets of their hearts, and honour and generosity forbad her meanly stealing their secrets from them; and instantly she resolved to effect her retreat into the library, whilst their backs continued to her.

Trembling, Victoria arose to put her design in execution; but the moment she was about to emerge from her hiding-place she perceived they had turned about and were slowly advancing. To escape unobserved by them was now impossible: to discover herself might involve her friend in difficulty or danger, and certainly would overwhelm his companion with confusion: to conceal herself behind the pillars still was therefore her only alternative. The gloom of the place was favourable to her intention, and she gently laid herself down amongst the pillars, scarcely allowing herself to breathe, and in a state of mind the most pitiably humiliating. Conscious of rectitude, yet still she shuddered lest her friend should discover her as he passed. In what a light must she then appear to him—a secret observer!—She sickened at the thought; but she had no longer time for anticipating fears. They approached her—her heart almost bounded from its seat, and her limbs were convulsed with tremor. They ascended the steps, and, without any intention of listening, these words struck Victoria's ears as they passed the place of her concealment, although delivered in a low and plaintive accent by the female.

'Think of the anguish that I shall suffer during your absence, still uncertain if you will ever be allowed to rescue me from hence. In the society of this too interesting, too fascinating Victoria, you will learn to forget your poor Matilda, who can know no peace till you return. Ah! what misery, what anxiety, what restless and anticipating fears shall I be doomed to suffer, while you are—Oh! happy Victoria!'——

They were now gone too far for our heroine to hear more; but she had heard sufficient to make her weep. The sound of their retreating footsteps at length no longer reaching her ears, she ventured from ambush, and with a beating melancholy heart ascended the monument and gained an uninterrupted passage into the library, where she seated herself near to the place she had emerged from, too much subdued by agitation to proceed further, or to think of any thing but what she had just heard and seen. She was grieved she scarcely knew why. Her friend had told her of his having a tender attachment, and why should she feel thus mortified and distressed at beholding the object of it, whom she doubted not was very deserving, since she was the choice of the most aimable of mankind.—'Ah! how amiable! how very very good! His dear Matilda, it appears, is not allowed to share in my escape; and yet his humanity leads him from this beloved object to rescue a helpless fellow-creature from destruction. Oh, bless him! bless him, Heaven!—and Matilda too, for is she not good and generous? for, agonising as this separation is to her, she benevolently suffers him to leave her to save me from endless misery. But she shall not, no she shall not, long be left to anguish, to anxiety, and restless anticipating fears, for me; he shall place me in some convent in Roussillon, and immediately return to her, to ease her mind of every apprehension. Oh! why did she call me happy? Surly it is

happy, happy Matilda, beloved by such a being. She knows that she is so.—Then how could I awaken uneasiness in her mind? What could induce her to fear me, or to call me too interesting, too fascinating?—Misfortunes may have made me interesting, but Heaven forbid that I should fascinate him your heart is plighted to! Oh, no, no, no! I am not such a worthless wretch as to form a wish for doing so.'

Victoria's head now sunk upon her hand, her elbow resting upon one arm of the couch, and, in the deepest train of melancholy reflexions, she continued quite unmindful of the approach of night or where she was, until Don Manuel, advancing to her from the parlour, disturbed her meditation by informing her she had been sought for throughout the grounds and castle, and that he had experienced the most dreadful alarms for her safety.

'Was I sought for here, Don Manuel?' replied Victoria, endeavouring to conceal, by affected composure, the apprehension she felt lest her flight through the church had been discovered.

'No, believe me,' said Don Manuel, tenderly taking her hand to lead her to the parlour; 'since this is the last spot in the castle any of my people would wish to enter after the close of day; nor could I expect to find so young a female, not even lady Victoria, enlightened as I know her matchless mind to be, alone, in the gloomy hour of approaching night, in an apartment where men of dauntless courage in the field dare not keep such vigil.'

'There is something inimical then to mental as well as personal courage in this castle,' replied Victoria; 'for here your people, signior, have been taught to fear the dead, and I have first learned to tremble at the living. It is a sad knowledge I have gained; but Heaven avert the more dreadful one from me of fearing the shadow of a substance I had injured.'

Don Manuel flung her hand from him; but ere they had proceeded many paces he took it again with gentleness. 'You are an extraordinary creature,' said he; 'and it is well for the cause I am embarked in that our *tête-à-têtes* have not been suffered to have been more frequent.'

They now reached the parlour just as conte Vicenza, his nephew, and Garcias, entered from the piazza in evident consternation. The moment Garcias beheld our heroine, he furiously demanded where she had been skulking, and why she had given them so much trouble?

'Garcias,' said Don Manuel sternly, 'your zeal transports you beyond the limits of propriety. When speaking to a brother ruffian, such harsh and insolent terms may perhaps be sometimes necessary; but when addressing a lady, nothing can extenuate the omission of politeness. Lady Victoria, too justly intimidated by your savage manners, and fearing her evil destiny might lead her to encounter you, took refuge amongst the spectres of the library; and I found her sitting undismayed there, even at this hour, where *you* and *other heroes* of our community dare not for a moment remain alone.'

Garcias slunk into a seat, silenced into an impenetrable gloom. Conte Vicenza appeared evidently disconcerted at this sarcasm; while Don Manuel, unmindful of their chagrin, took a chair by Victoria, and entered into conversation with her, exerting every power of his mind to entertain her; and had she been in a place of safety, with a heart at ease, and without a knowledge of the depravity of his life and principle, she must have been highly charmed by his conversation: but although Victoria strove with all her faculties to bestow her whole attention upon what he was

saying, and to appear unembarrassed and in some degree cheerful, yet, as the night advanced, her spirits, fluctuating between ten thousand hopes and fears, became so tumultuous, that it was with the utmost difficulty she could conceal her agitation, or bear any connected part in conversation.

Supper-time at length arrived; and although this repast was dispatched with unusual expedition, Victoria thought an age had been devoted to it. Conte Vicenza, as each moment passed, became more restless and uneasy, his nephew more dejected, Garcias more observant, Victoria more abstracted, and Don Manuel more insinuating; not one moment did he suffer to pass in silence, eagerly starting new subjects when the old ones seemed nearly exhausted, as if he feared to trust himself with his own thoughts, which seemed every moment softening into something of painful fond solicitude for the interesting Victoria.

At last the moment so much wished for by our heroine arrived, and Juan entered to conduct her to her chamber. In the most dreadful and obvious trepidation, she arose from her seat and almost inarticulately bade the party a good night. Her heart bounded and beat with the most tumultuous violence; her trembling limbs could scarcely perform their functions; and her colour varied with a rapidity that proclaimed at once the perturbation of her mind. Don Manuel, as usual, led her to the door, but, without his accustomed tender farewell speech, pressed her hand with energy, and precipitately left her in evident emotion, mysterious and powerful; and so alarmed was Victoria by the singularity of his conduct and by the uncertainty of her own fate, that she found herself compelled to request Juan's arm to support her.

(To be continued.)

A Visit to the Giant-Mountains of Silesia, the Sources of the Elbe and Oder, and the Riesenkoppe, or Giant's-Head.

(From Letters written during a Tour through Silesia, by J. Q. Adams, Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the Court of Berlin.)

Schreibershau, August 2, 1800.

THIS day was devoted to the view of the Schneegruben, or Snow-pits, which are considered as among the greatest curiosities of the mountains, and likewise to visit the source and fall of the Elbe.

At seven in the morning we took to the cart, and after jolting over the rocks up-hill for two hours, came to the place beyond which no carriage can proceed. From the time when we left the cart, we ascended, for about one hour, a steep of which you can form an idea when I tell you that it was throughout about equal to the steepest part of Beacon-hill, in Boston. We then came to a peasant's hut, here called a *baude* (pronounce it in English *bouder)*, of which there are many upon these mountains, and of which, as they and their inhabitants have several distinguishing peculiarities, I shall say something more in a future letter.

After resting an hour, and taking some refreshment at this, which is known by the name of the Silesian, baude, we recommenced our ascent, and after toiling and panting half an hour longer, reached what is called the back of the Riesengebirge, that is, the summit of the whole range, though single rocks and hills upon them rise much higher. On this back we found a boundary-stone between Bohemia and Silesia; for the limits between the two provinces run all along upon this summit. We had, however, another half-hour's walk

chiefly ascending, though less steep than before, when instantly a precipice, nearly fifteen hundred feet deep, opened its ghastly jaws before us; a sort of isthmus, or tongue of land, however, allowed us to proceed about a hundred rods further, until we could fix ourselves against the side of a rock, and look over into the tremendous depth. We had then the precipice on both sides of us, and it passes by the respective names of the Great and the Small Snow-pits. They are so called because generally the snow at the bottom remains unmelted the whole year round; although this has not been the case for the last two summers, and at present they contain no snow at all. We were now elevated more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea. Beyond the jaws of the precipice, somewhat higher than ourselves, was the summit of a mountain called the Great Wheel, or the Great Storm-cap. Just beneath our feet was the dreadful precipice, at the bottom of which lofty pines slanting downwards upon the still-descending mountain scarcely appeared to our eyes of the height of a lady's needle; while, beyond the foot of the mountains, our eyes ranged to almost an immeasurable distance, over hills and dales, corn-fields and pastures, cities and villages, until they were lost in the grey vapours that bordered the far-extended horison. The weather, which is here almost always cold, even when the regions below are melting with heat, was so unusually mild, that we had no occasion to take our cloaks, while we sat about an hour, and enjoyed the prospects around us. At the snow-pits, as at the falls, there is every appearance as if the immense masses of granite, of which these mountains consist, had been split and shivered by some great natural convulsion. The basaltic rocks, which rise in irregular pyramidical shafts from the bottom of the pits, to the height of four or five hundred feet, furnish materials for the controversy between the natural philosophers, whether it is a marine or volcanic production. L—— from this spot returned to the Silesian baude, while I took an hour and a half more to visit the source and the fall of the Elbe, which required about a mile of descent on the Bohemian side. As there was no path leading towards it, and part of the way was not only very steep but between low bushes and shrubs, in which the feet might easily get entangled, this was the most disagreeable part of this day's journey. The fall of the Elbe is higher than either of those on the Silesian side, being of about two hundred and fifty feet; but has the same disadvantage, of extremely penurious waters; a disadvantage which, though much less in the spring of the year than at present, must always be considerable, owing to the proximity of the falls to the sources of their streams. In returning from this fall, we saw two or three of the eleven springs, from which, according to some of the German writers, the Elbe derives its name, as its waters.

Hirschberg, August 6, 1800.

In limiting each of these letters to a single sheet of paper, I find myself often obliged to break off in the midst of my story, and to give you in different letters fragments of our transactions in one day. My principal reason for this is to spare your patience, which I hope will last the longer for only having to undergo the trial of one sheet at a time. I now proceed, therefore, in the account of our excursion on the 2d instant to the snow-pits and the Elbe fall.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that upon this mountain, and certainly within three or four English miles of each other, are the sources of the Elbe and of the Oder, two of the largest rivers in Germany; one of which

runs easterly, until it empties itself into the Baltic beyond Stettin; while the other takes its course westward, and rolls its waters into the North Sea, at Cuxhaven. The sources of both are numerous; for instead of eleven springs, which some of the German geographers would assign to the Elbe, there are probably here above fifty which pay their tribute to it; and the springs which finally send their streams to the Oder, on the Silesian side, are equally numerous. It is one of the pleasing peculiarities which first meet the traveller's attention here, that he can scarcely walk ten minutes in any direction without meeting some ripling current, so cool and clear, that the mere sight or hearing of it, as it steals along, is enough to refresh his thirst, and relieve his fatigue. But whence all these waters, so near the very summit of the mountains, can be supplied, is a question which, I think, would have occurred to my mind here, even if I had not heard it started many years ago by our uncle C——. He was of opinion, that the mere rain which falls upon the top of high mountains could not be sufficient to feed the mighty rivers which there originate; and, after seeing the numberless brooks which run here so near the highest pitch of these mountains, and the great and inexhaustible masses of water which proceed from them, I am altogether of the same opinion. This is not however the controversy which was once so warmly debated between the neighbouring Bohemians and Silesians upon this mountain, concerning the source of the Elbe. That question was, on which side of the summit the real source of the Elbe was; for the Silesians, not content with the honour of possessing the original source of the Oder, contended likewise that the Elbe originated on their side. You must not be surprised to hear that this contest was once carried so far as to occasion scenes of riot and bloodshed between the neighbouring borderers; nor that, even to this day, the encroaching Silesians have not universally abandoned their hypothesis.

Between two and three in the afternoon we returned to the Silesian baude, where we stopped to dine upon the provisions we had carried with us, and upon what we could get there. They could only supply us with brown bread, milk and butter; for which, however, they made us pay the double of what the same articles would have cost us in any of the Silesian cities. I mention this because these mountaineers have been represented to us, both in conversation, and by the books of travellers hither, as the most perfect models of patriarchal virtue, happiness, and simplicity. Every thing we have seen of them has tended to give us ideas of them directly the reverse of these.

Their houses are situated at such an elevation upon the mountains that the ground will produce nothing but grass, and they can raise nothing but cows, goats, and a few fowls. For six months in the year, they are in a manner buried under the snow, and are cut off from all intercourse with other human beings. Their log-huts are of a single story, and a hay-loft; the floor below is divided into four apartments, one of which is a stable for their cattle, another their dairy; the third is the common dwelling-place of all the family; and the fourth a very small room for the reception of strangers. The family-room serves at once as kitchen, eating room, and bed-room, and is heated with fires all the year round. There is a wide bench goes all round the room, on which they sleep, for they have no beds, or, at most, only one for the master and mistress of the house; and if the strangers who pass the night there require soft beds, they

must content themselves as well as they can with sweet hay, for straw is a luxury unknown to these virtuous patriarchs. As they have not this article for their cows to lie down upon, they keep their stables uncommonly clean, and generally make one of the streams which are so abundant upon the mountains, run through them and through the dairy: but their cow-yard, in which all their manure is kept, is close upon the house, so that you nose it at a great distance upon your approach to the house; and, by this community of the roof between the family and all the other cattle, so much filthiness arises that it is scarcely conceivable how they can keep even their dairies clean. Of their persons they appear to take no concern at all; and are, of course, as dirty as any other peasants in the most wretched hovels in Europe. The houses are generally full of children, clad in no other garb than a coarse shirt, oftentimes stark naked, and loaded with vermin like the land of Egypt at the last of its plagues. Such is the condition of these venerable and blissful beings, whom we had heard extolled as the genuine children of nature—the true samples of mankind in the golden age. Their manners are varied according to their individual characters; all are coarse, most of them disgusting, and some rude and insolent. As to their treatment of strangers, the only two by whom we have been entertained imposed egregiously upon us in their charges.

From the Silesian baude we returned after dinner to our inn at Schreibershau, which we reached at about seven in the evening. It partakes rather too much of qualities above described as belonging to the peasants' huts, but is not quite so bad.

Sunday, August 3.

One of the great inconveniences to which the traveller in these regions must be subject, is an extreme dependence upon the weather. There are but three months in the year when the mountains can, with any comfort, be ascended; and at least three quarters of that time they are veiled in clouds, and obstinately deny the view of all their most striking beauties. From the appearance of the last evening, we expected that this would be an unfavourable day for our intended excursion, and we were well pleased to have a day of rest after three of very hard labour. I likewise intended to improve the time by bringing up my Journal with you, which, by the continual motion since our departure from Hirschberg, had necessarily run in arrear. Even this morning, when I first rose, the clouds of the night had not dispersed, and I sat down quietly to begin my last number. I had written only a few lines, however, when our friend Seidler came and told us the weather was clearing away, and that we must immediately take advantage of it. Before eight o'clock we were in the cart, and rode in a couple of hours to Seydorf, a village at the foot of the Schneekoppe, or more properly the Riesenkoppe (the Giant's Head), the loftiest of all those mountains, and the highest point of land in Germany. The weather being excessively warm, we stopped at this village during the heat of the day.

At four in the afternoon we seated ourselves again in the cart, and for three hours rode up hill as steep as any carriage could go; we then came to the Schilingel's baude, so called from the name of the person who keeps it. Here we left the cart until our return, and pursued our ascending route about an hour more, when we reached the Hempel's baude, otherwise called the Samuel's baude, from the names of its present and its former pro-

prietor. This is the house at which almost all the visitors of the Giant's Head, from the Silesian side, pass the night before they go up: it has served for that purpose these hundred and thirty years; but though, during the season of visiting the mountain, it is always full of strangers, its accommodations are very little better than those of its other namesakes.

The reason which induces travellers who propose a visit to the *Riesenkoppe* to pass the night before at the Hempel's baude is, that they may ascend the mountain in the morning early enough to see the sun rise from its summit. Such was our intention; but when we rose at two o'clock in the morning, L—— found herself suffering so severe a head-ache, that she was obliged to give up the idea of going with us; and I set out accompanied only by Whitcomb and our guide. We had at first a steep and painful ascent for about twenty minutes, then a gentle sloping downwards, and a plain for a quarter of an hour, until we came to the immediate foot of the particular hill which bears the name of the Giant's Head. The darkness of the night had been gradually dispersing, and the borders of the horizon at the east gradually reddening, from the moment when we left the baude, so that I was apprehensive that the *queen* of day, as Zöllner on a similar occasion calls the sun, would shew his glowing face before we should reach the summit; and, to avoid this disappointment, doubled the usual pace of ascent, and in another quarter of an hour stood at the door of the chapel on the top of the mountain. About ten minutes after, the great luminary rose in all his glory, from the lower cloud which bordered the horizon; for although the weather was remarkably fine for this region, the sky was not perfectly clear, and a murky vapour hung upon the atmosphere, which intercepted a part of the immense extent of territory which would otherwise have been within the compass of our vision. I had heard so much of the apparent magnitude of the sun's disk, when seen rising from this spot, that when I came to view it I found it less striking than I imagined. It appears about the size of a large coach-wheel; but the same effect may at any time be produced by looking at it through a telescope.

The prospect from this spot is of course more extensive than from any other point upon these mountains; and its grandeur is augmented by the circumstance that the eye can range freely, bounded only by the horizon on every side. The spectator has but to turn on his heel, and all Silesia, all Saxony, and all Bohemia, pass in an instant before his view; it is therefore truly sublime; but as it has the defect usually attendant upon sublimity, of being indistinct, and in some sort chaotic, the lover of beautiful objects must content himself with a smaller elevation. A painter of Hirschberg, by the name of Reinhardt, who is employed by the Academy of Sciences at Berlin to paint views of the most remarkable spots in this province, observed to me, that from the highest mountains there was nothing *picturesque*, nothing that he could employ as a subject for any one of his paintings.— When on the Schneekoppe, I felt the force of his remark; for when the eye embraces at once such an extent of objects, it perceives only great masses; whereas all the pleasure that painting can afford, is by the accurate representation of details.

The proper Giant's Head is of a conical form, and the surface of the summit is not more, I think, than a hundred yards in diameter; its per-

pendicular elevation is about six hundred feet, and the path by which it is ascended forms nearly a regular angle of about forty-five degrees: the ascent would indeed be too steep to be practicable, but that when the chapel on the top was built, in the year 1668, a flight of stone steps was made to assist the traveller in mounting to it, of which a sufficient part remains to give no small assistance. The mountain itself appears to be a solid block of granite, upon which there is no appearance of vegetation, unless a kind of red moss, resembling rust upon iron, which grows on the loose stones that cover it on every side, may be so called. These loose stones, part of which are of granite and part of white flint, are in such abundance that they wholly conceal the side of the mountain itself. On one side of the path, as you approach the top, a precipice of about 1500 feet opens, by the side of which you continue to mount; it ends at the bottom in a narrow vale of perhaps a mile in extent, along the course of which are scattered a number of peasants' huts. Here, too, it looks as if the body of the mountain had been riven at a single stroke, and the rocks which stand on either side correspond in such a manner as to resemble the teeth of a saw. Opposite the summit, to the westward, is a mountain somewhat lower, called the Little Koppe, from the foot of which is a sloping glass-plot that goes by the name of Rübenzahl's pleasure-garden *. Other remarkable spots within the view are called his meadow, his pulpit, his grounds, &c. the whole neighbourhood is full of his name. I asked our guide to tell me honestly whether he had ever seen him: but he thought I was joking him, and said that he had not only never seen him, but had never believed in him; that the Silesians had never given credit to the stories about him, all of which had been believed and circulated by the Bohemians alone. I suppose a Bohemian guide would have assured me that it was merely a Silesian superstition which his countrymen had always derided.

The chapel at the summit is a small round building, partly of laths, partly of stone, and not more than twelve or fifteen feet in diameter: it was built by a count Schafgotsch, whose descendant still owns the whole range of these mountains, and is the richest subject in Silesia. The number of his vassals is said to be upwards of 35,000. The chapel is dedicated to St. Lawrence, and the

* 'This Rübenzahl,' says our author in a preceding letter, 'is a personage so important upon the Silesian mountains that you would perhaps be glad to have some account of him; but as yet I know nothing further of him than what Zöllner tells. He says that it was formerly a general belief among the mountaineers that on the highest summit of the mountains there resided a giant genius, named Rübenzahl; a very capricious sort of spirit, who assumed at pleasure the shape of a wolf, or a bird; a monk, or a bear; a huntsman, or a goat; a serpent, or a wisp of straw: who would often offer himself as a guide to the traveller, and, according as he happened to take his fancy, guide him faithfully, and make him handsome presents at parting, or lead him into swamps or wildernesses, and then leap upon a tree, and burst out into a horse-laugh at the perplexity of his miserable dupe: that he had a wonderful facility at raising instantaneous snow-storms, or thunder-storms, according as his fit of caprice happened to be cold or hot; and that nothing gave him so great offence as to hear his name spoken. Hence the peasants, who frequented what they considered as his dominions, used to call him Mr. John, or the giant lord, or the great mountain god; that they might not incur his displeasure by pronouncing his name. But since a chapel has been built upon the spot of his abode, poor Rübenzahl has been obliged to fly, and nobody knows what has become of him: at least, it is certain, that since that period, now nearly one hundred and forty years, he has not been seen.'

Cistercian monks at Warmbrünn are obliged to perform the mass in it on the saint's day, and upon four other feast days annually.

After passing about an hour and a half upon this spot, we thought it time to descend once more to the habitable regions of the earth; but when we had got about half-way from the bottom of the mount to the baude, who should we meet but L—, whose head-ache had left her as the day advanced, and who, after coming so far, had determined, at all events, not to return and leave the most important object upon our whole tour unseen. I turned back of course, and went up a second time with her. It was now about eight in the morning, and the sun had risen so high as partly to disperse the vapours which had intercepted the view at my first ascent. The mountain now appeared familiar to me as an old acquaintance, and the temperature of the air upon it was so uncommonly mild, that we might have dispensed with putting on our cloaks. It has so happened that the three or four days which we have spent upon the mountains have proved to be among the very warmest of the year; and, excepting the few minutes before sunrise this morning, the cold has, in no one instance, been troublesome in scarcely any perceptible degree to us. We had indeed taken the precaution to be very warmly clad, and, as we were advised, have never been without thick cloaks to put on whenever the occasion should require.

Sentiments of devotion I have always found the first to take possession of the mind on ascending lofty mountains. At the summit of the Giant's Head, my first thought was turned to the Supreme Creator, who gave existence to that immensity of objects expanded before my view. The transition from this idea to that of my own relation, as an immortal soul, with the Author of nature, was natural and immediate; from this to the recollection of my native country, my parents and friends, there was but a single and a sudden step. On returning to the hut where we had lodged, I wrote the following lines in the book kept there for strangers to insert their names:

From lands beyond the vast Atlantic tide,
Celestial Freedom's most belov'd abode,
Panting I climb'd the mountain's craggy side,
And view'd the wond'rous works of Nature's God.
Where yonder summit, peering to the skies,
Beholds the earth beneath it with disdain;
O'er all the regions round I cast my eyes,
And anxious sought my *native home*—in vain.

As to that native home—which still infolds
Those youthful friendships to my soul so dear;
Still you, my parents, in its bosom holds—
As fancy flew, I felt the starting tear.
Then, in the rustling of the morning wind,
Methought I heard a spirit whisper fair:
'Pilgrim, forbear, still upwards raise thy mind,
Look to the skies—thy *native home* is there.'

Description *of the* City *of* Breslau.

(From the Same)

Breslau, 2d September, 1800.

BEFORE we left Berlin to come upon this tour, we were advised not to pass through Breslau at all. It was said to be a large old city resembling all other great cities, and containing nothing that deserved the attention of travellers; we had, therefore, not put it down upon the original list of our route. But when we found ourselves, in the course of our excursion, within a few miles of it, we thought, after making so long a tour round the whole province, it

would be shewing the capital too great a mark of contempt to neglect it altogether, and concluded to give it a few days of our time upon our return. We have no reason to repent of this final determination: for, although the place is, as it had been described to us, nothing more than a large old and very dirty city; and although the weather, since we came into it, has been constantly such as to confine us a great part of the time to the house; we have still met with objects of curiosity sufficient to amuse and employ the few days we have devoted to the place.

Breslau contains upwards of sixty thousand inhabitants, of whom about one third are Catholics, and nine tenths of the other two thirds Lutherans. Yet, from the vast number of churches and cloisters which present themselves to the stranger's eye in every quarter of the town, a person without further information would take it for a place entirely Catholic. Nine of these churches suffice for the Protestant inhabitants; the Catholics have twenty-six, many of which are however cloisters; and the streets are full of friars of all colours, 'black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery.'

The two principal churches are the Catholic cathedral, and the Lutheran church of St. Elizabeth, both of which we have visited. The cathedral, as it now stands, was built about the year 1150, and is principally remarkable for several magnificent chapels, which have been added to the body of the church by several of the former bishops. It contains relics, too; for what is a Roman catholic church without relics? That of most note here is the staff of St. Elizabeth, with a silver spiral plate winding round it, upon which is engraved some account of her and her family. She was a daughter to a king of Hungary, born in 1207, and died 1231. She was canonized in 1235; but whether, like St. Hedwige, for going on foot up a hill to hear mass, or for what other cause, does not appear. A part of the head of St. John the Baptist (for they have not here, as in many other churches, the whole head) and his fore-finger are only shewn upon great festivals. Upon one of the altar-pieces they have a skeleton, decked out with abundance of finery, which they keep under a glass frame: they are the hallowed bones of St. Theodore, whose legend I have not the happiness of being acquainted with. This church has several monuments of fine sculpture, particularly a statue of St. Elizabeth, in the chapel dedicated to her, which is very much admired: it has likewise many paintings, the best of which are the twelve apostles, done at Rome, though our attendant could not tell us by whom.

We likewise saw the inside of the bishop's palace, which he is rebuilding in a style of princely magnificence. It is situated near the cathedral, on the banks of the Oder, commanding at once a beautiful prospect of the town and the country round. The see is not dependant upon any archbishopric, but immediately upon the pope. Before the Prussian conquest, the bishop had frequently been an archduke of Austria: the present prelate is a prince of Hohenlohe.

We saw another Catholic church belonging to a convent of Augustine nuns, in which, however, we found nothing worthy of remark. The Lutheran church of St. Elizabeth itself looks more like a Catholic than a Protestant house of worship. It was built some centuries before the reformation, and still contains several altars, at which certain masses were founded: these masses, by an agreement between the two religious parties, are now celebrated in the cathedral church by the priests who

have previously been authorised to say them by solemnities at the original altars.

There are, likewise, libraries belonging to most of the churches and cloisters; but none of them are of great value, excepting that in the church of St. Elizabeth, which is a public library, the foundation of which was laid about a century ago by a person of the name of Rhediger, whose name it still bears, though very much enlarged by several considerable donations. It contains, besides, many large and costly compilations in print, a number of valuable manuscripts, among which is a copy of Froissart's Chronicle in four large folio volumes, written upon parchment, and adorned with a great number of coloured drawings executed in the best manner of the age when it was written. Its date is of 1468, and it contains about one third more matter than the printed edition of Froissart, whose editor thought it expedient to omit every thing which he thought would not redound to the honour of the nation. I asked Mr. Scheibal, the present librarian, why he did not publish an edition of the book from this genuine manuscript? He said that such things could be undertaken at this time only in England; and that the work in Germany would not pay the expence of the publication. We were shewn another manuscript of a very different kind; though, perhaps, not less curious. To the naked eye it appears to be a drawing of the Venus de Medicis, upon a half sheet of folio paper; by looking at it through a magnifying glass, you find it is a copy of Ovid's Art of Love, perfectly legible, and the whole five books within a compass of ten inches in length, and three in width. There are various other curiosities of a similar nature; a few valuable pictures, particularly one portrait by Rembrandt, and one of Luther, by Lucas Cranach; collections of medals, of marine shells, of minerals, &c. This library is open twice a week for the use of the public: like most other public libraries in Europe, it is crowded into too small a room.

At the Magdalen, which is likewise a Lutheran church, there is also a library, but of so little consequence, that Mr. Manso the librarian, a poet of distinguished talents and learning, did not think it worth while to shew it. We only saw, therefore, the collection of paintings belonging to it, among which there are some copies from Rubens and Rembrandt, and many good original pictures, especially landscapes, though by painters of inferior name.

The church and other buildings belonging to the college of Jesuits are among the most remarkable objects of curiosity at Breslau. The university was founded in the year 1702, by the emperor Leopold, and the buildings were begun upon so large and expensive a plan, that they were not completed in 1740 at the period of the Prussian conquest; and as a great part of the funds appropriated to the works then ceased, they have remained unfinished. One of their houses the government took away from them, and at the time when the order of Jesuits was abolished, in the year 1774, the university here was continued under the title of a royal school institution. The principal apartments are two churches, one large, and magnificently decorated, the other a small one, where occasionally sermons are preached to the students in Latin; the Leopoldine hall, where all the public disputations are held; and an astronomical observatory at the top of the building, which has been erected within these few years. The philosophical and astronomical apparatus is small; the only instruments we saw were New-

tonian telescopes, caustic mirrors, a micrometer for measuring the distance of the stars, a quadrant with a meridian line, an air-pump, and a couple of electrical machines. From the observatory there is a very fine view of the vast plain in which Breslau is situated, and of the distant mountains by which it is bounded, all which we saw with double advantage through their excellent perspective glasses. The number of students at this college is about six hundred, and that of the professors is seventeen. Their course of studies comprehends a period of eleven years, five of which are devoted to the ancient languages, three to philosophy, and three to theology; but under the term philosophy they embrace almost every object of human science. The professors are all paid from the appropriated funds, and the instruction is given free from all expense.

There are public schools, likewise, connected with the churches of St. Elizabeth, and Mary Magdalen, the first of which has about twenty professors and teachers, and three hundred students. The instruction here is only preparatory to that of an university.

About an English mile out of the town, are the country-seat and gardens of prince Hohenlohe, the governor of Breslau. The place is called Scheidnich. The gardens are spacious and agreeable, and always open to the public; they contain various small monuments, erected by the prince in honour of Frederick the Second, and the late and present kings. Last week the king and queen paid a visit here; there was a splendid entertainment, at which the gardens were finely illuminated.

Breslau is a place of considerable trade, and has much more an appearance of business and activity that Berlin. The most essential articles of its exportation are broad-cloths and linen; the latter of which, however, the merchants here all draw from the mountain towns. Nor do they manufacture themselves a quarter part of the broad-cloths which they send abroad. Their situation, watered by the river Oder, which gives them an immediate communication with Hamburgh and Stettin, naturally makes them the centre of the commerce of the province. They have likewise some trade over-land with the east, which is carried on by Russian caravans; which, from the description that has been made to us, we regret not staying here long enough to see.

There are no manufactories of importance in the town. The sugar refinery is indeed very large; and, having to supply the greater part of the province, refines sugar to the amount of several millions of dollars annually. Like that of Hirschberg, it belongs to a company, the property being divided into shares, originally of seven hundred dollars, but which are now worth more than three thousand.

We have visited two other manufactories which had been mentioned to us; one of what they call Turkish yarn, because it was formerly made only in Turkey; and the other of sewing needles. The yarn is spun from cotton, imported by the Russian caravans from the East, and dyed red. The difficulty consists in the dyeing—an operation of which cotton requires much preparation to be made susceptible; not having, like wool, a natural oil, which imbibes the colouring particles, and facilitates the work. This yarn, when dyed, is used to weave in a mixture with linen. I mentioned having seen one such manufactory at Schwiedeberg.

The needle manufactory is principally remarkable, as it is one of those in which the division of labour

is carried to the greatest extent. Every needle must pass through seventy-seven hands before it is fit for use. But the needles made here are much inferior to those of the low countries, of Munster, and Aix la Chapelle, and bear no comparison with the English.

The most common ornaments of the rooms and chambers in this country are busts, portraits, and imitations of antique basso-relievos, in stucco, or plaster of Paris. We have scarcely entered a house in Silesia without meeting more or less of these; and we have here been to the workshop of a man who makes them. He takes good likenesses, and the work is very cheap.

There is a cannon-foundry here, but the works are all for the account of the king, and for the last two years they have had nothing to do. It resembles, in every respect, that which you saw at the Hague.

I have dined once in a society upon the same principles with the Cassino at Berlin. Here it goes by the name of the *Resource*, and consists of more than two hundred members. The company at dinner was mixed, as is usual at such places; chiefly officers of the army. I was seated next to a general Lentken, who told me he had been forty-eight years in the service, and in the seven-years war had received a wound for each year. The scars upon his face and hands testified to the truth of what he said. You will readily conceive that when you have once entered upon the topic of the seven-years war, and Frederick the Second, with a Prussian general, you are in no danger of lacking materials for conversation. I found that of the general, of course, very amusing, though his circle of ideas and of information appeared to to have been extremely cautious of spreading beyond the line of his business—

'And little of this great world could he speak
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle.'

POOR MATILDA.

A FRAGMENT.

I WAS sitting on a part of the beautiful ruins of Kirstall abbey, ruminating on the uncertainty of worldly grandeur, when a strain the most mournful, at the same time the most melting, struck my ear; so that, in spite of myself, honest nature forced her way in a big tear which stole down my cheek; I suppressed it not, for when an honest tear makes its appearance, I would not, through a false pride, disclaim its acquaintance for all the unmeaning smiles you could bestow.

'Who 's that?' said I to a beautiful female stranger, who seemed to be attentively listening to the same notes.

'It is poor Matilda,' answered she —'full well I know the sound'—

'T is poor Matilda's broken pipe
In mournful strains you hear:
Each note you hear the fair-one strike
Is blighted by a tear.
The ruthless hand of care hath plough'd
Deep furrows in her cheek;
Since Edwin, who the fair-one woo'd,
Hath left her long to weep.
His words were but air,
They, alas! meant no more—
Matilda was fair,
But, alas! she was poor.

'Yes!' said she with a tear, 'Matilda's sufferings have been great as they are unmerited; but soon they will end. Winter and summer does she brave, in yonder little wood. Beneath yon willow is her bed of moss, and the stone by the brook is her seat. Ah! unfortunate and hapless maid! that heart of thine, true as it

is, will soon cease to beat: and sure Heaven, who witnesseth all thy sufferings, will repay thee with abundance; and the author of thy miseries, when retrospection knaws his heart, will feel it tenfold.'

'Come,' said I, 'fair stranger, lead me to the habitation of Matilda; and let us cheer, if possible, the gloomy habits of her mind.'

'Most willingly I will go,' said she, 'but her sorrows will never be eradicated; they are deep rooted, and their malign influence, like the blight on the flower, will pierce her to the quick.'

She then led me softly towards the habitation of the forlorn fair-one. Her hair was hung in careless tresses, which half o'ershadowed her bosom; a loose robe, half demolished by time, was tied across her shoulder; she stood with one foot on a stone, while the other immerged in a purling stream ruffled its bosom. One hand she held full of corn in the ear, which she had been previously rubbing between her hands to satisfy the calls of hunger; and with the other she was beckoning to a robin that was perched on her favourite willow, lamenting the loss of its mate. She addressed it in notes so wild, yet so harmoniously pathetic, that from my memory they will never be erased.—

Hither, sad and pensive mourner!
  Hath man robb'd thee of thy mate?
In life's chequer'd scenes a learner,
  Silly bird, avoid his fate.
Make my bed thy habitation,
  There I'll shield thee from all harm:
If thou court a kinder station,
  This sad breast shall keep thee warm.

With sods of moss I form my pillow,
  Fragrant flowers grace my bed;
And this pensile weeping willow
  Draws a curtain round my head:
Angels watch my broken slumbers,
  Guard me with indulgent care;
Around they watch in countless numbers,
  And swiftly bear to heaven my prayer.

Mark those cheeks, where peace sat smiling,
  Boasting then a lively hue;
Henry's love the hours beguiling,
  Moments swift unheeded flew:
From my arms a father tore him—
  Ah! how cruel was the deed!—
To far-distant shores he bore him;
  Pierc'd, my heart was left to bleed.

Here's the spot where last we parted—
  Sacred shade it seems to thee—
I, like thee, am broken hearted:
  Come, then, mingle tears with me.
Frowning winter, dark and dreary,
  While this breast can boast a glow,
Here I'll brave, and never weary—
  Summer's sun, and winter's snow.

In our tale each tree shall glory;
  Every leaf shall bear a sigh;
Maids from them shall learn the story,
  When with us our sorrows die.
Then make my bed thy habitation,
  There I'll shield thee from all harm:
If thou court a calmer station,
  This sad breast shall keep thee warm.

When she had concluded her invitation to the bird, she stept forward to where it stood. It flew away. 'Silly bird!' cried she, 'if thou art not yet weary of the world, go! but when misfortunes press heavy on thee, direct thy flight hither; thou wilt find Matilda still the same.' She heaved a sigh for the fate of the robin; and lifting up her fine dark eyes, discovered us approaching.

'Matilda!' said the sympathising stranger, offering her her hand, 'who is it you are addressing?' Matilda smiled, at the same time a ray of recollection seemed to dart across her mind. 'A poor unfortunate bird,' said she, 'robbed of all its treasure. Yet there appears some tie in life, for which it will not embrace my solitude: I would have nursed it with a parent's care. In the day I would have fed it ere I served myself; and in the night it should have reposed on my bosom:—but it would not, silly bird! Fare thee well!' A tear stole down the stranger's cheek, as she pressed the fair maniac's hand. I

felt its force, and if ever my heart beat in unison for the woes of another it was now. 'Come,' said I, 'let us ascend the steep; perhaps the robin may have retired there.' 'No,' said she, 'I would not force it to accept my protection; it might think it was not well meant: in distress it will again visit me, and I will receive it.' 'Ah, Matilda!' said Anna (for such I found to be the name of the stranger), 'turn with me to the cottage of my father, whose life and sorrows are nearly at an end. It will cause a smile to play upon his care-worn cheek if you would condescend to visit him. He knew you from your infancy, and marked with pleasure the growing beauties of your mind and person; and oft have I heard him sigh, that so fair a plant of fifteen summers' growth should by one chilling frost be for ever blighted.'

Matilda sighed, and seemed to be unconscious of the surrounding objects; and for my own part, though scarcely any one hath felt the lash of fortune more severely than myself, yet I never knew the real luxury of grief till now. 'I wish not,' at last said Matilda, 'to see your father: parents are cruel, cruel as the grave; it was a parent that robbed me of my Henry—Yes! it was a father that snapt the strings of my heart: but now I can smile at their utmost malice—Yes! now, undisturbed by all the busy crowd, I ask not their assistance. Heaven is my canopy, the earth is my pillow, the smiling fields supply me with sufficiency of food, and the silver brook, as it bubbles by, denies me not its cooling beverage; and that Power that hath supported me in all my sufferings will at last restore my Henry safe; he will appoint an angel to watch him from morn till night, to Heaven he will bear his sighs, and, meeting mine as they ascend, they will, in concert, call down the cherubs of mercy, who will gladly recompense our wrongs.' She then, with the swiftness of a hart, hid herself from our sight.—Farewell, poor Matilda! in some interval of business I will again visit thy retreat; and thou, no less unfortunate Anna, point me out thy cottage, and in my way I will call upon thee; when, together seated on Matilda's bed of moss, we will spend the live-long summer's day relating and listening to each other's story.

Leeds, Feb. 5, 1805. J. B.

ACCOUNT of the NEW COMEDY called TO MARRY OR NOT TO MARRY, performed for the first time at the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden, on Saturday, February 16.

THE characters were thus represented:

Lord Danberry - - -	Mr. Munden.
Sir Oswin Mortland - -	Mr. Kemble.
Mr. Willowear - - -	Mr. Farley.
Mr. Lavensforth - - -	Mr. Cooke.
Amos - - - - - -	Mr. Brunton.
Lady Susan Courtley - -	Mrs. Glover.
Mrs. Sarah Mortland - -	Mrs. Davenport.
Hester - - - - - -	By a young lady.

THE PLOT.

Mr. Lavensforth, in the early part of his life, had been governor of a British settlement, but being impeached in the senate by *sir Oswin Mortland*, was obliged to quit his country, leaving his only child, *Hester*, in the care of a *Mr. Ashdale*. *Mrs. Sarah Mortland*, an antiquated virgin, having seen this young lady at a ball, is much prepossessed in her favour, and gives her a general invitation to her brother's house. Solicited in marriage by a man she could not love, *Hester* sought, by flight, to avoid the hated match, and availed herself of *Mrs. Sarah*'s invitation. *Mr. Willowear* (*Hester*'s lover)

success of a comedy coming from any other pen than that of Mrs. Inchbald. We are, notwithstanding, of opinion, that although it may not obtain with the 'million' equal degree of popularity with the works of some dashing modern dramatists, those who admire chasteness of sentiment, pure and elegant dialogue, and characters truly and forcibly drawn, will always see it with increased satisfaction. The elegant and moral author of it has added fresh laurels to the dramatic wreath, which the unanimous concurrence of the public had long since crowned her with,

---

THE COUNTRY TOWN.

A COMEDY.

(Continued from p. 94.)

ACT II.

Scene, a Street—on one side an Inn, on the other the House of Vernon.

Scene I.

Vernon, *coming out of his house; Miss* Vernon, *following him.*

Miss Vernon. Are you going out, brother?

Vernon. Yes, sister, I am going out.

Miss Vernon. Your lawsuits continually occupy all your time; and you leave your house, and you leave a young unexperienced person like me exposed to all the arts and intrigues of men of gallantry and pleasure.

Vernon. A young person like you! I am only ten months older than you.

Miss Vernon. Well; you are a young man, brother.

Vernon. But if I were of your sex I should be an old maid.

Miss Vernon. That is as much as to say that I am old.—Such language is not very genteel, nor very delicate, let me tell you.

Vernon. Who can we speak to with freedom, if not to a sister?

Miss Vernon. Well; I know, then, what I am to think with respect to my age. But you must be aware of the danger to which you expose my reputation by taking so little care of me; whereas, brother, you ought to be the guardian, the father, of a poor defenceless orphan like me.——

Vernon. In good truth, sister, I think you are big enough, and old enough, to take care of yourself.

Miss Vernon. Well, well; we will say no more of that: but suppose I should tell you that I have met with a gentleman who would be very happy to marry me.——

Vernon. So!—What, the old story! For these ten years past you have imagined yourself on the point of being married. It is surely time for you to begin to have a little common sense. The life of an unmarried woman cannot be so absolutely intolerable. When you are become resigned to your condition, you will find that it is not. To associate principally with persons of mature age; to give advice to young girls, and read to them lessons of prudence; to be treated as a respectable person in society: is this a life to be despised? Is it not much to be preferred to going about to balls, to dancing at your age; to following the fashion with absurd anxiety, to acting the child, in a word——

Miss Vernon. What cruelty, what tyranny, is this in a brother! If I do not shew myself, if I do not display my graces, my means of pleasing, how can I hope to obtain an establishment?

Vernon. I wish to Heaven that you could obtain an establishment!

Miss Vernon. Yes, you would be rid of me: is not that your meaning? I shall not perhaps remain long with you to trouble you; for I believe the tender glances of this young stranger———

Vernon. What! one of those two Parisians who have just put up at that inn?

Miss Vernon. The youngest, the most agreeable.

Vernon. You will recollect that this is not the first time that you have procured yourself to be laughed at by travellers who have lodged at that inn.

Miss Vernon. Can you accuse me of running after them?

Vernon. No; but you are always fancying that they run after you. All the diligences are full of your admirers. Take care, and do not again expose yourself with this young stranger. You are not sufficiently aware of the consequences. I do not love law-suits; and I have already five or six on my hands on account of your charms. Those cursed romances have turned your brain.

Miss Vernon. Delightful perusal! I have read all that have been published within the last four years:—the Castles, the Dangers, the Children of Mystery, the Happy Intrigue, Cecilia, Camilla, Rosalia, Celina, Agatha, Rosalba—

Vernon. Yes; and you dream of love and intrigues, and imagine yourself Cecilia, Rosalia, Rosalba, and I know not whom.

Miss Vernon. And why should not my heart have its natural feelings as well as yours? Why should not we young persons———

Vernon. We young persons! will you never leave off that nonsense?

Miss Vernon. No; I cannot, nor I will not. Is it not notorious through all the town that you are an obsequious and amorous dangler after Madame Senneville?

Vernon. I have a great esteem for her, I own; but I do not think that any body can say———

Miss Vernon. Come, come; do not prevaricate—You know that you are afraid of Ritlard.

Vernon. I know that I neither fear his sword, nor his sneers. I have no views on Madame Senneville.—But *apropos* of that lady: we are invited to dine with her to-morrow, and with Madame Guibert and her daughter.

Miss Vernon. I shall not go; it is quite enough at Madame Senneville's assembly this evening. Miss Guibert is a child who acts the woman; and Madame Senneville acts the child, yet she is certainly older than I am.

Vernon. Well; just as you please. The two strangers will be there.

Miss Vernon. Indeed! Are you certain of that?

Vernon. What! that alters the case, does it not?—You will go now, I make no doubt. It is time, I think, to make the division of our property which has been long proposed; for I do not wish to have any law-suit with you.

Miss Vernon. Why, I believe I am of age.

Vernon. I think you must be at five-and-thirty. Endeavour then to cure yourself of this folly of pretending to be young.

Miss Vernon. Endeavour to cure yourself of the folly of being always at law.

Vernon. Do you think I go to law for any pleasure I find in it? If any person enquires for me, I shall return immediately; I am only going to my attorney. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Miss VERNON *alone.*

What little gallantry we find from

brothers! Happily the world sees me with other eyes: that young gentleman especially who has ogled me through his glass, with so much tenderness—I have been the constant subject of his conversation with his friend, and that dear little chambermaid at the inn, whom I love from my heart, because she took the first opportunity to come running over to tell me all he said of me; and he has said what must be certainly very flattering to any young lady.—But this shews to what my brother's negligence might expose me—I am here left alone in the house. This young man appears to me extremely amiable; yet I have no knowledge of his character or connections.—But is not that him coming out of the inn with his friend?—I must instantly retire into the house. Ah! brother, brother, you are not fit to have a young person under your guardianship! *(She goes into the house.)*

Scene III.

Desroches, Delille.

Delille. Well, which way will you go? Shall we take a walk and see the town, and call on those persons to whom we have letters?

Desroches. Ah, my friend! my lot is cast. I am in love, strange as you may think it.

Delille. Indeed! I should never have thought that Madame Senneville—

Desroches. Do not go on too fast. Madame Senneville is very handsome, I grant; and I can perceive that I have made some progress in her heart. But I mean anothe charming object.

Delille. It certainly well becomes you so hastily and violently to condemn and reproach my cousin, when you flutter from beauty to beauty with such levity and fickleness.

Desroches. Women have taught me to be as fickle and faithless as themselves. I wish to make love to and deceive all I meet with.

Delille. You entertain vast designs.

Desroches. And my stay in this town will favour them. What I feel is no longer that first enthusiasm which you once reproached me for. You understand that I do not think her an assemblage of all possible perfections: but we may amuse ourselves with an adventure or two.

Delille. While I am waiting for my good fortune to throw an adventure likewise in my way, may I enquire who this new object is?

Desroches (pointing to the house of Vernon). Do you see? She resides in that house.

Delille. What that in front of our inn? I saw a woman there, but she was somewhat past her bloom; her charms were rather in the wane.

Desroches. Oh! an aunt or a mother, probably. I have seen her, and the maid servant at the inn confirms me in my opinion, there is a marriageable young lady there. I have, indeed, only seen her at a distance. We have only conversed by signs. *(Miss Vernon appears at her window.)* See—there she is!—I am not mistaken—The window opens—Do you see her?——

Delille. Yes, I do see her; but—

Desroches. It is her—it is her!—At this distance, near-sighted as I am, I cannot judge.—O heavens! what can I have done with my glass?—She is young, is she not?

Delille. Young? yes, very young—*(aside).* Poor fellow! to fall in love at such a distance when he is near-sighted!

Desroches. She is about fifteen or sixteen.

Delille. Eighteen or twenty.

Desroches. That is the age I would wish; and she is handsome?

Delille. Celestial! I must compliment you on your choice. *(Aside)* This adventure, however, will not be very dangerous to Madame Belmont.

Desroches. You are to know that I have already made some progress with her.

Delille. Indeed!

Desroches. Yes, by Heavens! I have set the little chamber-maid at our inn to work. She has received my proposals with modesty, delicacy, decency, and becoming coyness: but I have no doubt that she may be brought to yield. Where is Dubois?

Delille. He will be here in a minute; I have sent him——

Desroches. I want him. I have written a letter; and, under a pretext, he may introduce himself into the house.

Delille. You are in a devilish hurry.—Here he is.

Scene IV.

Enter Dubois.

Desroches. Where have you been? I never can find you when I want you.

Dubois. Sir, I am, like yourself, delighted with this town. You know there has always been a kind of sympathy between us.—I have been walking by the river side, on the bridge, in the church-yard, up one street and down another.—*(He whispers Delille)* Madame Belmont lodges at the Golden Lion—the post-house; near the bridge: she expects you with impatience.

Delille *(to Dubois.)* I will be with her immediately.—*(To Desroches)* My dear Desroches, it would be useless to press you to take a walk with me. I shall leave you to employ yourself with your new conquest: she well deserves your exertions; believe me. *(Aside as he goes out)* He has made a good beginning, however, to take an old dowager for a child. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

Desroches, Dubois.

Desroches. She is still at the window!—Dubois—

Dubois. Here am I, sir.

Desroches. You have now an opportunity, my good fellow, of shewing your zeal in my service, and your address.

Dubois. I hope I am not deficient in either of those qualities. What do you wish me to do?

Desroches. Find your way into that house.

Dubois. Yes; I am there already.

Desroches. You will find there a charming girl—

Dubois. The deuce I shall!

Desroches. And you are to give her this letter.

Dubois. She shall have it.

Desroches. But be cautious: you will perhaps meet with a mother, a guardian, or some old governante. The lady I mean is this moment at the window. Observe her, without seeming to look at her, to prevent any mistake.

Dubois *(looking at him with surprise)*. Surely, sir, there is some mistake already! That the lady!—

Desroches. Yes. You are not wanting in address: you may enter into conversation with one of the servants, under some pretext; and, without any person perceiving it, you may find an opportunity to slip into her hand the letter.

Dubois. It relates, I suppose, to some business of importance.

Desroches. Blockhead! cannot you perceive that it is a love-letter?

Dubois. A love letter! Oh! I must be gone immediately, then.

Desroches. Yes, lose no time.

Dubois. Very well, sir, since you will have it so. *(Aside)* But surely you must have lost your senses. *(He goes into the house.)*

Scene VI.

Desroches, *alone.*

She does not leave the window; yet she must have seen Dubois go in. If I dared—*(He makes a low bow; miss Vernon curtsies in return, and shuts the window)*—She returns me my salute—she shuts the window! What innocence, simplicity, and delicacy in her manner! She is an Agnes!—This is a delightful adventure!——But Dubois stays a long time. I hope he has been able to deliver my letter. The blockhead surely cannot have suffered himself to be detected. Oh! here he is.

Scene VII.

Enter Dubois.

Desroches. Well, Dubois?

Dubois. You will have an answer immediately.

Desroches. I shall have an answer?

Dubois. She was alone in the house--no parents, no guardian—I only saw an old woman at the bottom of the court-yard. The lady herself met me with a timid air. She took your letter, blushing, but hesitated to open it. I urged, I entreated her, and at length obtained her promise that she would write an answer, for which I must return immediately.

Desroches. My good Dubois, you are a truly valuable fellow! Take that—*(gives him his purse)*.

Dubois. I am very much afraid, sir, that you will soon regret your money.

Desroches. Never, my boy, never!

Dubois. I know not how to accept it; for I think I ought, in conscience, to tell you—

Desroches. Say not a word; not a word. Go for her answer. She must have written it by this time. Be gone: be gone.

Dubois. I am gone: my duty is to obey; but, at least, remember that you prevented my speaking. *(He returns into Vernon's house.)*

Scene VIII.

Desroches, *alone.*

This Dubois is a generous fellow, as well as a faithful, intelligent, and active servant. He wished, no doubt, like Delille, to speak to me concerning madame Belmont. They are all very desirous to induce me to return to her; but I will shew her that I can follow her example, and be as inconstant and faithless as herself. Besides, I no longer care for her; I love her no longer. The charms of this amiable girl—Madame Senneville, too, is extremely agreeable.

(To be continued.)

THE INTRIGUE;

OR,

The Lovers *who were* persuaded *to be in* love.

A TALE.

(Continued from p. 97.)

THE countess Adrienne, on her arrival at Chevilly, learned that Fonrose, being ill with a violent cold, kept his chamber, and would remain in it the whole day. This incident favoured extremely the execution of the plan she had formed, and she resolved to take advantage of it. She took the viscount to a retired part of the park, and, when alone with him, made the illness of Fonrose the subject of their conversation.

'Poor Fonrose!' said she. 'I am sorry he is so very ill! Perhaps you do not know the cause of his illness?'

'Very ill!' replied the viscount; 'he is indisposed with a cold, but a cold is not a dangerous disorder.'

'A cold! and can you really believe that a cold would be sufficient to confine Fonrose to his chamber, and to render him inaccessible to all his friends?'

'He is in bed, and, as his valet tells me, much inclined to sleep.'

'Whether he be inclined to sleep or not, he wishes to see nobody. Have you no suspicions?'

'No; I assure you I see no reason to suspect any thing.'

'You are certainly of an extremely open and candid disposition yourself; but, at the same time, you are not deficient in discernment.'

'My discernment can discover nothing in the indisposition of Fonrose.'

'I must reveal to you a great secret; my wish to render essential service both to you and to the unhappy Fonrose obliges me. But you must promise me, on your part, inviolable secresy, and especially that you will never tell Fonrose what I now disclose to you.'

'You may depend on me: I give you my word that I will not.'

'I rely on it—Learn, then, that Fonrose is your rival.'

'My rival!'

'Yes, my dear viscount: he adores Louisa. He flattered himself that he should obtain her of her mother; but on discovering your passion, and that she had a partiality for you, he sacrificed his own love without hesitation.'

'I protest, madam, that nothing could be further from my thoughts than that he made such a sacrifice, or I never should have suffered it.'

'Now your eyes are opened, you must recollect many things which leave no doubt of the real sentiments of the unfortunate Fonrose.'

'He certainly always spoke to me of miss de Forlis with an enthusiasm—'

'Which could not appear to you natural.'

'Love alone can express itself in that manner.'

'That is true: he loves her almost to madness. He dies for her.'

'I have always considered him as a most faithful and generous friend, and this instance exhibits the greatness and goodness of his character in a very striking light.'

'You will not suffer so rare and so faithful a friend to languish thus, and die?'

'To die! Heavens! madam, no! What must I do to save him, to restore him to health?'

'I ought likewise to tell you that your father will arrive here the day after to-morrow, and that it is irrevocably determined to unite you in marriage to a young lady whom he has chosen for you. I have learned this by the greatest chance in the world, but it is certainly true. Would you, then, wish at once to incur the heavy displeasure of your father, and cause the death of your friend?'

'No, madam, no; I renounce from this moment miss de Forlis.'

'This noble sacrifice is worthy of the viscount de Verdac. I will tell you in what manner I would advise you to act. Do not say a word to Fonrose on the subject. It is agreed that you shall speak to madame de Forlis to-morrow, to ask of her the hand of her daughter; instead of which you will tell her that you are informed, by a letter from your father, that he has entered into engagements for your marriage within a few days, and that you are come to take your leave of her. You will afterwards set out hastily, without seeing either Fonrose or miss de Forlis.'

'Madam,' said the viscount, 'you

may rely on it I will punctually follow your advice.'

This generosity cost no great effort to Verdac; nevertheless, though he was as little susceptible of ardent friendship as of violent love, he was capable of making, at this moment, a real sacrifice to Fonrose. He had a very common mind, but an excellent education had implanted in him just opinions and virtuous principles; and such an education will be sufficient to insure a proper and generous conduct in youth, when these first impressions are not combated by violent passions. Verdac felt little, but he thought well. He had neither sufficient experience nor understanding to distinguish minute differences. He easily confounded heroism with simple duty; and, only following the judgment of those who possessed his confidence, he would have performed a sublime action with simplicity, without either knowing its greatness or claiming to himself any honour for it, if the person to whose guidance he committed himself had directed him so to act.

The countess Adrienne, fearing to be surprised alone with Verdac, now left him in the garden, and returned into the house. The viscount reflected seriously on what had been told him, and took the resolution effectually to serve his friend before he set out, without mentioning that the countess Adrienne had spoken to him on the subject. He naturally loved, when he talked at all, to talk of himself; and he recollected how much pleasure he should have in relating to others the surprise he had himself felt at the discovery now made to him, and in making some display of the sacrifice he had made of his love, and the generous resignation of his pretensions. He, the same evening, requested madame de Forlis, in a somewhat mysterious manner, to grant him a private interview, as he had something of a very particular nature to communicate to her. As the evening was then far advanced, she appointed him to come to her the following morning at nine o'clock.

The next day, before the hour agreed on, the viscount was at the door of madame de Forlis' apartment, and was immediately admitted. He at first found himself not a little embarrassed; but, deriving courage from the recollection of the interesting discoveries he was about to make, he at length said—

'I am come, madam, to tell you something which will probably much surprise you.'

Madame de Forlis could not refrain from smiling at this introduction. 'I believe,' said she, 'sir, I can very nearly guess at what you have to say, surprising as it is.'

'No, madam, that is impossible.'

'What, then, may it be?'

'You suppose, no doubt, that Mr. Fonrose was very ill with a cold yesterday. That is not the fact.'

'How, sir! I do not understand you.'

'No, madam! Mr. Fonrose had not a cold yesterday, nor has he a cold.

'Dear sir, explain yourself: What is it you mean to say?

'Mr. Fonrose is in a very dangerous state: he is dying.'

'Gracious Heaven!' exclaimed madame de Forlis, in the utmost alarm and agitation, we must send immediately to Paris for medical assistance.'

At these words, she started from her seat with precipitation, to ring the bell; but the viscount stopped her:—

'No, madam,' said he, 'a physician is not necessary; you can yourself effect the cure with a single word. Fonrose is passionately in love with miss Louisa de Forlis: it is for her he dies.'

Verdac no longer appeared either simple or ridiculous in the eyes of madame de Forlis; she listened to him with equal attention and interest. 'How,' said she, 'Fonrose in love with my eldest daughter!'

'Yes, madam, he adores her.'

'Are you certain of it?'

'Yes, madam, it admits of no doubt.'

'And why did he not declare himself to me?'

'Because he discovered that I entertained the same sentiments.'

'And who would have thought that my daughter could have made the same impression on both! How extraordinary, how affecting is this on either side!'

As she said these words, madame de Forlis wiped the tears from her eyes, and presented her hand to Verdac. 'My dear viscount!' said she, 'I feel and admire, in a manner which I cannot describe, your candour and generosity.'

'I only do my duty, madam,' replied the viscount, animated by this eulogium; and I come to solicit of you the hand of miss de Forlis for Mr. Fonrose.'

This was precisely what madame de Forlis wished; for she had never comprehended how her daughter could prefer Verdac to Fonrose, though, from that moment, she conceived the most profound esteem for the former. Certain of her influence over the mind and even the inclinations of Louisa, she wished to speak to her before she proceeded further in this affair; but Verdac pressed her so earnestly to send immediately for Fonrose, that she consented. A messenger was accordingly dispatched, requesting his attendance as speedily as possible in madame de Forlis' apartment; and, in the mean time, the viscount walked about the chamber, rubbing his hands in a kind of extasy, and enjoying, by anticipation, the agreeable surprise which he should cause to his friend.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MR. SMITH AND THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

THAT accomplished and much respected gentleman, Mr. Smith, formerly of Drury-lane theatre, has presented the young Roscius with a seal of Garrick, finely engraved, and a striking likeness. This is certainly the highest compliment that has yet been paid to that extraordinary and interesting youth; and the manner in which the favour has been conferred reflects much honour on the liberal and enlightened donor. The following are the poetic lines, and admonitory note, with which the flattering present was accompanied:—

TO MASTER BETTY.

Roscius, the boast of Rome's dramatic story,
Left undisputed trophies of his glory,
Not more illustrious by his scenic art
Than by the social virtues of his heart.

Our *British* Roscius great and good,
When on the summit of applause he stood,
Melpomene and gay *Thalia* join'd,
To grace his talents with a taste refin'd:
Whilst these immortalis'd his splendid name,
His virtues consecrated all his fame.

May'st thou, young genius of the present hour!
Whose bud anticipates so rare a flower,
Spreading thy blossoms to a ripen'd age,
Prove a third *Roscius* to the admiring stage;
And, like those stars of Britain and of Rome,
Bear thy unfaded laurels to the tomb!

MR. SMITH'S LETTER.

"Young gentleman,—The fame of your talents has drawn an old fellow labourer in the theatric vineyard from his retirement, at a considerable distance, in a very advanced age;

and he feels himself well rewarded for his trouble.

'May your success continue, and may you live to be an honour to the state, and to your country!

'Let me recommend to you strict attention to the moral duties, and to the cultivation of your mind, by the arts and belles-lettres, without which little improvement can be gained in your profession, much less in society.

'Accept from me a seal, a strong likeness of our great predecessor Garrick: when you are acquainted with his character, keep his virtues in your mind, and imitate his professional talents as far as possible.'

Couldst thou in this engraved pebble trace
The living likeness of his plastic face;
Whilst thy congenial spirit caught its fire,
His magic eye would thy whole soul inspire.

LONDON WALKING DRESS.

(With an Engraving elegantly coloured.)

CARAVAN hat, lined with swansdown; with brown feathers; short swansdown tippet; and the throat Egyptian brown velvet pelisse, trimmed with broad lace, clasped down the front; the petticoat worked muslin, between a border of tucks, gossamer flounce; brown velvet shoes; parankie muff.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE turbans are made round behind, but in front they are elevated, and present the point of a diadem. Velvet turbans are more in fashion than in any preceding year. They are almost uniformly of bright colours, seldom of black velvet. Next to rose, which still maintains its ground, the most prevalent colour in caps and hats is white. Very large bunches of velvet ribbons, cut in points more or less rounded, are displayed instead of flowers, in the front of most of the dress hats. Flowers are worn in bunches, without any mixture of leaves, and are of the most delicate colours. Feathers are very few, considering the season, and aigrettes are particularly rare. There are no cloth riding-coats that are not trimmed with black velvet. The little cambric bonnets are trimmed with tulle instead of lace. The most elegant woman in Paris requires only the simplest articles to be well dressed. No ornaments in the style of luxury and wealth are requisite. To be complete, she wants almost nothing. The Parisian elegante, like the young country maiden, to dress herself, wants only a little fern round her robe, a little fern round her cestus, a little fern round her head. It is true, that the fern of the Parisian shepherdess ought to be of gold, and if it meets here and there a few diamonds, these are accidents which do not spoil it.

It is merely to vary their costume that several elegantes, instead of collars with profane medallions, wear a string of beads round the neck, and diamond crosses. The larger the beads, and the longer the cross, the more elegant is the petite maitresse. The locks of Caracalla, and the plaited hair of Titus, which used to adorn the head of a young Parisian elegante, have been succeeded by the hair in a bunch on the top of the head, like that of a Chinese mandarin.

Round dresses are much worn at balls, with large detached bouquets. To make it more exactly resemble the costume of the Opera, this light dress is open at the sides.

POETICAL ESSAYS.

LINES

UPON A PICTURE REPRESENTING THE DEATH OF MARK ANTONY.

By W. J. Denison, esq.

ILL-FATED chief! is this thy final doom—
Thou, who once sway'd the destinies of Rome?
This the last scene of all thy care and woe—
Shunn'd by each friend, unpitied by each foe?
Was it for this you sunk to Cæsar's slave,
And stemm'd the Rubicon's forbidden wave?
For this you arm'd against your country's cause,
Proscrib'd her senates, and defy'd her laws;
Mercy's soft precepts banish'd from your mind,
With all those feelings gen'rous victors bind?
O, happier far! if, in the martial strife,
The Parthian dart had clos'd your stormy life;
Tho' flight alone your vet'ran troops could save,
You, like a soldier, met a soldier's grave.
Or nobly fall'n at Actium's fatal day;
Since this whole orb the conqu'ror must obey;
When you, inglorious, left the din of arms—
Left fame, left empire, for a strumpet's charms:
In silken harams, and in roseate bowers,
Lost, beyond hope, the fleeting golden hours:
While swarthy Nile, indignant, blush'd with shame,
And beardless eunuchs mock'd the warrior's name.
The tow'ring pyramids, with rage, survey'd,
And frown'd a deeper and more gloomy shade:
While Thebes and Memphis clos'd each lofty gate,
And spurn'd the man who seem'd to court his fate.

Ah! where are now those scenes of festive joy,
When eastern pomp almost appear'd to cloy—
When pleasure rivall'd, with her fairy smile,
Armida's garden, or Calypso's isle?
Where all the gems from India's spicy vales,
The soft perfumes of blest Arabia's gales?
Where the gilt bark admiring Cydnus bore,
When Venus steer'd and Cupid ply'd the oar;
When the fair Houries, fabled in romance,
Cheer'd the gay feast, and wove the mazy dance?
The lute, the song, alas! no more can please;
No more can give the tortur'd bosom ease:
The shady bow'r, the deep retir'd alcove,
That ev'ry sense to ev'ry rapture move:
Ee'n your lov'd Circe, with her syren smile,
The last sad moments can no more beguile;
Her artful blushes, and her well-feign'd ire,
That seem'd to deaden, though they rous'd, desire:
Oblivion's aid no longer can impart,
Or calm the suff'rings of an aching heart;
While doom'd to drink the bitt'rest cup of woe,
And feel ingratitude's distracting blow.
The servile crowd, that own'd your former sway,
Fly like the splendours of an April day;
Their once kind master, in his ruin, shun,
And meanly haste to court the rising sun.
Awake, ambition! by this frantic dream
(The statesman's beacon, and the schoolboy's theme),
See the sad exit of his hapless life,
His chequer'd scenes of pleasure and of strife;
Betray'd, deserted '*at his utmost need*,'
By his own dagger, see the warrior bleed!
No weeping friend to close his sinking eye,
Nor pay the tribute of a parting sigh:
Bereft of hope, tho' gasping still for breath,
Corroding conscience whets the sting of death;
Brings back, thro' mem'ry's agonizing view,
The home that once his artless childhood knew;
Paints the sweet spot, endear'd by ev'ry tie,
Where his forefathers' honour'd relics lie;
Recals the lares, once his guardian pow'rs,
Recals the scenes that charm'd his happier hours;

When youth's warm side, with gen'rous ardour fir'd,
Beat high with honour, and to fame aspir'd;
While Rome's stern Genius, hov'ring o'er his shade,
Demands the victim fate had long delay'd;
Shews the proud path that once he might have trod,
Lov'd as a Father, honour'd as a God;
Contrasts his actions and his tarnish'd fame
With great Camillus' or with Scipio's name;
Contrasts the riot of unbounded power
With each fond comfort of his peaceful bower—
With each fond blessing of domestic life,
His injured children and deserted wife.

But pause not here—the moral yet pursue:
First—the gay victor, young Octavius, view,
Adorn'd with titles and the robes of state;
Tho' guards and lictors on his footsteps wait,
How vain he found the pageantry of show
To lull the anguish of paternal woe!
To drown reflection at the midnight hour,
Or smooth the steps by which he rose to power!
How strew'd with care his busy anxious reign—
The dear-bought prize of danger and of pain!
While Rome's fam'd empire never prosper'd more,
Nor deck'd with laurels Tiber's classic shore.
No more her matrons hail the martial throng,
Gild the proud arch, or raise the choral song;
No more their smiles the vet'ran's toils repay,
Or cheer the evening of his care-worn day.

Tho' guiltless nations swell her wide domains,
Injured monarchs sink beneath their chains;
Tho' each bright gem of elegance and art,
That fires the genius, or that melts the heart,
Her plund'ring chiefs transport within her walls,
To grace her temples and her trophied halls:
She found, too late, what all her triumphs gave—
'*The paths of glory lead but to the grave;*'
That all she gain'd by conquest's flowing tide
Feeds some fierce soldier's low unletter'd pride;
That all the realms she vainly call'd her own
Serve but to prop some despot's gaudy throne—
Serve but to rouse his fev'rish thirst of rule,
Or fill the coffers of some needy tool.
Too late she found, depriv'd of Freedom's ray,
Each manly virtue falls in quick decay;
Each youthful energy that warms our frame,
That nobly dares the slippery heights of Fame,
That nerves the Hero or the Patriot's breast,
Sink in the torpor of luxurious rest
While bold Advent'rers seize th' Imperial robe,
And scourge with insolence the prostrate globe;
Display each vice from upstart pride that springs,
That power usurp'd, or mushroom greatness brings.
Her abject Senates, trembling, kiss the rod,
Her crafty Priests adore the new-made God,
In impious strains their rival flatt'ries waft,
Till ermin'd Pomp derides the nauseous draft:
Pomp, that disdains the fickle worthless tribes
Immers'd in pleasure, or seduc'd by bribes;
That soothes their passions with Corruption's dole,
From suff'ring Friends, from ruin'd Vassals, stole,
Till thoughtless Mirth forgets her Country's woes
In feasts, processions, pantomimes, and shows.
Her rights betray'd, her laws, her honour, sold;
Her freedom barter'd for the lust of gold;
Barter'd with oaths, as empty as the wind,
To please her Tyrant's dark suspicious mind;
On wintry Baltic's bleak and stormy shores
The whirlwind rises, and the tempest roars;
With awful force the gathering torrents roll,
Crush the broad rampart, sweep the lofty mole;
For all her crimes a tardy vengeance bear,
Deaf to her cry, and callous to her pray'r;
In scenes of woe her blood-stain'd Empire clos'd,
And the proud Victors felt what they impos'd.

APRIL ALPHABET.

A ushers in April: adieu to the snows!
B the Beauties this varying season disclose.
C the Charms of gay Flora fast spreading around:
D the soft falling dew that bespangles the ground.
E the Elegant flow'rets divided in rows;
F the Frost that their beautiful forms discompose.
G the Glooms of the morn that in April prevail:
H the Hurt to the plants by the cold blighting hail:
I the Ice-sparkling morn, that oft nips the young bud:
K the Keen-blowing winds, that now ruffle the flood.
L the Laurels so lively, of beautiful green:
M the Mist of the morn, on the mountain-top seen.
N the Newly-blown daffodil glaringly gay:
O the Opening buds that will blossom in May.
P the Primrose so modest, in humble attire:
Q the Quick-growing beauties of spring we admire.

R the Rose-tree, just budding, its beauties expand:
S the Sun-beams of spring that enliven the land.
T the Trees that preparing to blossom appear:
V the Verdant green mantle, the pride of the year.
While W Wishes they plenty may bring,
Loyal X Y and Z, all sing Long live the king!

Kingsland, March 5, 1805. I. M.

TO MISS S. I---B---T, OF DEVONSHIRE.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

OLD Zeuxis, to compose a perfect piece,
Cull'd beauty from an hundred belles of Greece:
This to be sure a deal of trouble gave him!
Now were that painter from his tomb to start,
And wish again to try his peerless art,
Sophy! what trouble thou alone would save him!

LINES, TO MISS ELL---S, ROBERTSON'S-ROW, KINGSLAND.

DEAR Nymph! attend the votive lay
Thy blooming charms inspire;
Thy speaking eye's all-powerful ray,
That beams with liquid fire.

Sweet conversation's cheering pow'r
Is eminently thine,
To lull affection's mournful hour
With soothing most divine.

Oh! then, fair maid! but deign to smile
On love as fond as true;
For, ah! my heart is free from guile,
And beats alone for you.

VERTUMNUS.

Hackney, March, 1805.

PARTING.

OH, sad is the hour,—and, ah! sad is each heart,
And sad is the loveliest prospect to view,—
When lovers so tender reluctantly part,
And pensively sigh out the length'en'd adieu!

Dear, dear is the kiss!—ah! how dear the embrace!
—Their hearts cling together in unison sweet—
What tender solicitude speaks in each face!—
What impatience again to be happy!—to meet!

Behold the fond couple now part—now unite!—
Behold the fond bosom, that labours with love—
Behold the emotions that *us'd* to delight!—
Ah! see the sweet passion with anguish improve!

Yet, yet *once* again they take leave of each charm:
Time leans on his scythe and surveys them with pain;
Then flaps his old wings: Love takes the alarm,
And, parting, they *hope* to be happy again!

J. P. E.

FAIR ANNA'S FATE.

FAIR Anna boasted ev'ry charm,
And dwelt afar from London's city;
In love she fear'd no lurking harm:—
But learn her fate from this sad ditty.

Young William gain'd her truest love;
A wretch was he, unus'd to pity;
Seduc'd, he left her then to prove
The fate I tell in this sad ditty.

Fair Anna sank beneath the blow:
The grave receiv'd her form in pity.
Where yonder weeping willows grow
She lies whose fate has fill'd my ditty.

March 6, 1805. J. M. L.

AMELIA'S GRAVE.

YON humble sod, so gaily green,
Is spread o'er poor Amelia's grave:
Her smile so sweet no more is seen,
The joy is gone her presence gave.

Let friendship's tear bedew the spot;
Let sorrow heave the pitying sigh;
Let mis'ry mourn her hapless lot,
Nor pass her tomb unheeding by.

Her breast was virtue's spotless throne;
Her face the index of her mind,
Where softest charms resplendent shone,
With sense and elegance combin'd.

Amelia lost, in early youth,
A tender mother's fost'ring care;
Too young to feel the awful truth,
She smil'd at what might cause despair.

As years roll'd on her loss she knew,
And deeply miss'd a mother's love:
Morose and stern her father grew;
To meet his ev'ry wish she strove.

Alas! in vain her sweetest smile
To warm with love his churlish soul:
Affection there gave place to guile,
Whilst sordid sins his mind controul.

A haughty lordling saw her charms;
His child the impious parent sold:
For lucre gave her to his arms;
Alas! the god he serv'd was gold.

Fix'd was Amelia's wayward fate:
'Mother, I come!' she faintly cried:
She mourn'd her father's wretched state,
Pray'd for his faults, and praying died.

J. M. L.

March 6, 1805.

ACROSTIC.

By F. B. C.

A TTEND, lov'd girl! an humble suitor's pray'r;
G rant him thy love, nor drive him to despair;
N or cloud thy face with anger not thine own:
E xtend your charms; be your bright beauties shewn—
S o shall I live, angelic girl! for you alone.

P ermit me, then, to breathe my vows to you,
E nvy'd by all my rapt'rous bliss who view.
R eturn, sweet Agnes! to my longing arms,
C lad in thy native dignity and charms;
I then, so truly blest, might surely prove
V ain of that prize I wish, "*my Agnes' love!*"
A n humble vot'ry to attend your call,
L ow at your feet will C—— grateful fall!
Feb. 28.

ANOTHER.

By the Same.

M ONKS and enthusiasts the cross may kiss,
I n raptures gaze upon the sacred shrine;
S weet Agnes is my only source of bliss,
S o fair, so beauteous, lovely, and divine!

P ardon th' intrusion of my humble muse,
E ver desirous you, fair girl! to praise;
R elieve my tort'ring doubts; defects excuse;
C ome, quickly listen to my artless lays:
I f to my ardent vows you lend an ear,
V ain of my fate, beyond myself I'll rise,
A nd gen'rous love my lonely hours shall cheer;—
L ife without thee I'll scornfully despise.
March 3.

TO MISS A——S P————L.

ACCEPT, sweet girl! the tributary praise,
Nor my fond vows refuse:
Think not I fulsome flatt'ry pay,
'Tis foreign to my muse.

When first thy graceful form I view'd,
What raptures fill'd my breast!
Thy radiant brightness gave delight,
Thy beauty stood confest.

Thy sparkling eyes, those beaming gems
Dart forth celestial fire:
Thy coral lips, and damask cheeks,
The fiercest love inspire.

Nor can the snow on Alpine hills
Surpass thy lily arm:—
In short, with ev'ry beauty blest,
'Tis you alone can charm.

No dulcet sounds can e'er excel
The music of thy tongue;—
What sweet sensations struck my soul,
Whilst on thy voice I hung!

What a blest lot that man attends
On whom you deign to smile!
You all his sorrows will dispel,
His tedious hours beguile.

Then pity me, and let me hope
You'll not my vows despise:
Ye Gods! how great, how vast, my bliss,
With such an heav'nly prize!

F. B. C.

March 3.

ACROSTIC.

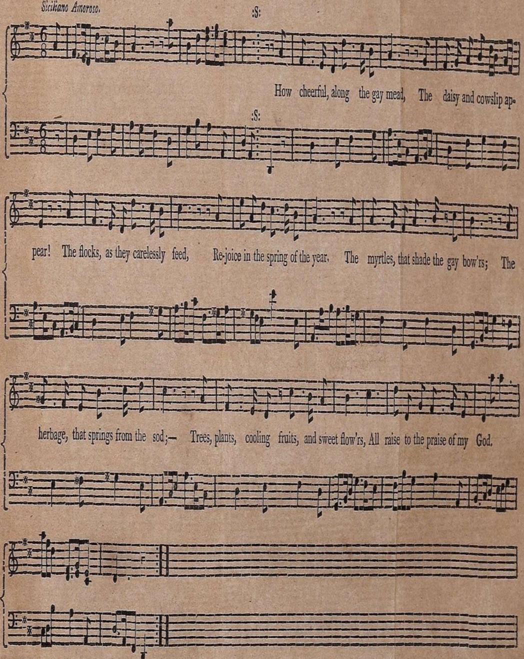
B E every earthly blessing yours, my friend:
E ver may rosy health your steps attend.
L ong may you walk in virtue's shining way,
L ed by the graces' all-alluring sway.

R emember her whose thoughts are oft on you:
E ver to friendship's sacred claims be true.
E ternal things regard,—store well your mind,
D ear comrade of my youth—companion kind!

ELIZA H——.

"HOW CHEERFUL ALONG THE GAY MEAD."

HYMN *of* EVE. *In Dr.* ARNE's *Oratorio of* ABEL.—*Sung by Mrs.* BLAND.



2.

Shall man, the great master of all,
The only insensible prove?
Forbid it, fair gratitude's call!
Forbid it, devotion and love!
The Lord, who such wonders could raise,
And still can destroy with a nod,
My lips shall incessantly praise—
My soul shall be wrapt in my God.

Lady's Mag. March, 1805.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, Dec. 30.

THE French minister, M. Talleyrand, has transmitted a note to the Turkish ambassador at Paris, Haleb Effendi, of which marshal Brune, a short time before his departure from Constantinople, delivered a copy to the Reis Effendi. This note expresses surprise at the refusal of the Porte to acknowledge the emperor of the French, since France has ever been the oldest and most sincere friend of the Porte. The causes of this conduct are then adverted to, and it is ascribed to a faction in the Turkish ministry inimical to the true interests of the empire, which has had the art to procure the rejection of all advantageous propositions on the part of France, and to connect the Porte with another power. In conclusion, it it is asserted, that the present conduct of the Porte is inconsistent with its former mussulman dignity, which would never suffer it to render itself dependant on, and subject to, any foreign power, without well-founded motives. On the communication of this note, the Reis Effendi declared, that, with respect to the refusal of acknowledgment of the emperor Neapoleon, the Porte had been guided by the protestations of other powers.

Madrid, Jan. 11. The following is an extract of a letter from the camp at St. Roch, dated the 6th inst.

The winter has occasioned no check to the ravages of the yellow fever among the garrison of Gibraltar; it has been observed, that many more English than natives, in proportion, have died of it, which is ascribed to the former being less temperate in the use of strong liquors. We have now double reasons to hold Gibraltar strictly blockaded.

The English have turned away several neutral ships which were endeavouring to enter Cadiz: the animosity against the English is very great at Cadiz.

Italy, Jan. 14. According to letters that may be relied on, the continuance of the court of Naples in the system of neutrality it has hitherto observed is now fully confirmed by the formal consent of the emperor Napoleon; and the French commander in chief, general St. Cyr, has already given assurances that the French troops will not pass the stipulated line of demarkation, unless compelled by some unexpected hostile attempts.

Constantinople, Jan. 22. The report that a new alliance has been concluded between Russia and the Porte, and between those two powers and England, has been officially contradicted, as the Porte means only to continue and fulfil the convention she entered into with those powers during the last war after the attack of the French in Egypt. Hence it appears why the Porte could not refuse a passage to the Russians to Corfu, and why it was necessary to make certain communications previous to a recognition of the French imperial dignity.

Paris, Jan. 25. The propositions of mediation from the Prussian court, with respect to the differences with Russia and England, have arrived here, and we flatter ourselves they will produce the best effects.

Venice, Jan. 25. Four English frigates have arrived here from Malta,

to take in corn. The largest carries 40 guns, and 300 men.

Vienna, Jan. 26. The new French ambassador, M. de Rochefoucault, is now employed in negociation with our court, relative to the affairs in Italy.

Austrian Territory, Jan. 27. The march of a number of Austrian regiments to Italy appears to cause a considerable sensation at some foreign courts: but this movement has been made from two motives very consistent with peace; the first to secure from any infectious distemper, by a strong cordon, the extensive coast from Callaro to the Tyrol; and secondly, to give some relief to Bohemia, Moravia, and Austria, where it is well known the last harvest was very deficient, by the removal of several regiments to Italy. The system of our court is entirely pacific.

Marseilles, Jan. 31. Three days ago a French fleet of eleven ships of the line, seven frigates, and two brigs, sailed from Toulon. Its destination is unknown; it has between eight and nine thousand land troops on board, and is provisioned for a long time. It appears as yet to have escaped the fleet of admiral Nelson, by which it has long been blockaded.

Frontiers of Italy, Feb. 2. On the 29th of January, it was announced to the French garrison of (Italian) Prona, that the emperor Napoleon, the pope, and prince Joseph, would arrive at Milan in the course of the month of February. The latter will be crowned king of Lombardy, and consecrated by the pope.

Amsterdam, Feb. 2. The Italian republic will now soon be suppressed, and the kingdom of Lombardy established in its stead. We have accounts here that his French imperial majesty has consented to accept the royal crown of Lombardy, prince Joseph having made difficulties with respect to receiving it. The nephew of the emperor, the son of prince Louis, is to be the eventual successor to the throne of Lombardy.

Florence, Feb. 2. An amicable convention has been concluded between Austria and France, that no more troops shall, on either side, be sent to Italy.

The anointing and coronation of the king of Lombardy will be performed in the castle of Monsa.

The electoral colleges of the Italian republic are convoked for the first of March.

Naples, Feb. 4. On the 28th of January, the fleet of admiral Nelson, consisting of twelve ships of the line and five frigates, appeared before Palermo. A frigate advanced, and sent off a boat, which landed an officer with a parcel for general Acton, and a letter for the English banker, Gibbs. It was then three in the morning—the fleet continued in sight till eleven, when it proceeded for Messina.

Stockholm, Feb. 4. The royal family arrived here on Thursday, all in perfect health.

Milan, Feb. 5. It is reported at Vienna, that the emperor of Germany, during his purposed stay in Italy, will have an interview with the emperor of the French, on the banks of the Adige: and that it is probable Francis II. will be present at the evolutions of an encampment of French troops in Lombardy, and the emperor Napoleon at those of the Austrian camp at Palmanova.

Genoa, Feb. 9. The French frigate la Cornelie, which put into this port, sailed yesterday for Toulon, to rejoin the fleet. It is positively asserted that the fleet is returned to that port. It is said that a ship of the line and two frigates, belonging to the fleet, were considerably damaged in the storm which compelled it to put back; and that one of these made for a Corsican port, to repair.

Paris, Feb. 14. On Tuesday, the 12th instant, his excellency M. Schimmelpenninck, ambassador-extraordinary from the Batavian republic, was admitted to their majesties to take leave.

Respecting the squadron which has sailed from Rochefort, we read nothing in our journals; but the Moniteur, in communicating the English news, and stating from them the departure of that fleet, says, in a note—"It is now a month since the Rochefort squadron put to sea, and, according to all the letters from England, no conjecture could be formed there relative to its actual destination."

Stockholm, Feb. 15. On Wednesday arrived the Prince of Wales and Earl of Leicester packets, after meeting with great difficulties in the ice: a frigate and a cutter also appeared off Morstrand the same day, the former having on board M. Novoseltzoff and suite; but from the state of the ice they could not make a landing. They were seen on Thursday going up the Cattegut towards the Sound, where it is thought any attempts to land will be quite useless.

Berlin, Feb. 15. The negociations for accommodating the differences between Russia and France, under the mediation of our court, go very slowly forward. Russia has indeed declared that she was disposed to accept of the mediation of our court; but that she had entered into certain engagements with England, by virtue of which she was prevented from coming to a final adjustment without the concurrence of the court of St. James's.

There is a current report here of a treaty of subsidy between Russia, England, and Sweden, which is supposed to be already ratified. From another quarter it is asserted, that the remaining neutral powers, particularly those of Prussia and Austria, have taken the firm resolution of preserving their neutrality; nor was there ever observed so close an unanimity as exists at present between those two courts.

Paris, Feb. 16. It is conjectured that the English squadron which was off Messina on the 28th of January is in pursuit of the French squadron which sailed from Toulon on the 18th, and that the latter is gone to Egypt.

London is still in uncertainty with respect to the destination of the squadron from Rochfort.

Feb. 28. The Toulon fleet sailed the 15th of January last, having on board a body of troops, under command of general Lauriston. After being four days at sea, it was overtaken by a violent storm, which compelled it to return to port. A ship of the line and three frigates had parted from the fleet. The frigate la Cornelie, which had cast anchor in the port of Genoa, and the ship of the line which had sailed for Ajaccio, are already arrived at Toulon. The frigates l'Hortense and l'Incorruptible have been more fortunate; they fell in with an English merchant fleet of forty sail, and had taken or destroyed the whole of them. Two large corvettes, which convoyed this fleet, also fell into our hands, after an engagement which continued an hour. L'Hortense and l'Incorruptible have put into a Spanish port, where they sent five or six hundred prisoners on shore.

Amsterdam, March 1. His excellency M. Schimmelpenninck, since his arrival, has had several conferences with the directory of state; and yesterday he had an interview with the commission of the departmental government of Brabant.

General Marmont is expected to arrive in the Hague in the course of a few days.

The fate of Portugal, as to her share in the present contest, does not seem as yet to be finally decided. It is, however, generally thought that she will not be suffered to remain neutral.

Paris, March 3. One hundred and three English prisoners have been removed from Verdun to Sorrelibre.

The emperor is expected at Dijon about the 10th of March; — he will travel incognito.

The naval magazines in the Texel are being supplied with provisions again. The commissary of marine has received orders from the commander in chief to adopt the necessary measures with respect to every thing that concerns the completion of objects relative to the Texel expedition.

Something important is negociating between the courts of Petersburgh and Berlin, if we may judge by the frequency of the couriers from one city to the other, and particularly by the persons of distinction charged with the dispatches. On the 10th of February the baron de Winzengerode, the emperor of Russia's aid-de-camp, arrived at Berlin, and had an audience of the king.

In the new organisation of the Italian republic, there is to be, it is said, a senate, and a legislative body. The vice-president will have one of the first dignities.

HOME NEWS.

Dublin, Feb. 16.

THIS evening, at a very full meeting, lord Fingal in the chair, our labours terminated, by the unanimous vote of the assembly for the petition for our entire emancipation. Lord Fingal, sir Thomas French, and sir Edward Bellew, barts. with Dennis Scully, and James Ryan, esqrs. are appointed to present the petition, and are to proceed to London forthwith. They are to offer it to Mr. Pitt; should he decline it, they are to take the best mode to have it presented. A committee of twenty-one is appointed here, with whom those deputies are to communicate during their mission.

London, Feb. 24. The channel fleet has returned to Torbay: but before admiral Cornwallis was obliged to leave his station off Brest he dispatched a squadron, consisting of the St. George, of 98 guns; Spartiate, of 84 guns; Atlas, of 74 guns; Veteran, of 64 guns; and Eagle, of 74 guns; to the southward. Their destination is unknown.

Woolwich, Feb. 26. Respecting the fever which has caused so much alarm in this town, it appears, by the best information we can obtain, to be the Typhus, or a species of jail fever. It has been wholly confined to the cadet academy. About thirty of the gentlemen have been confined with it; but only one has died. The rest are fast recovering. There are only eight or ten now confined, and none have been taken ill for nearly a fortnight; and the faculty are of opinion, that in the course of a week or two they will all be perfectly recovered. The academy will be shut up till the 1st of April, and the gentlemen have obtained leave of absence til' that time.

28. The great line of defence from Shorncliffe by Hythe, through Romney Marsh, is proceeding with the most unexampled activity; such is the ardour with which it is prosecuted, that the workmen are employed even on Sundays. As it is solely intended for a military work, to stop the advance of an enemy into the interior, in the event of having made good his landing, the course it takes is not in a line, but in angular traverses, following, as far as it is practicable and suitable, the basis of the hills; obviously, therefore, adapted to permit an enfilading range from the batteries which will be placed behind it. The Martello Towers immediately on the sea-coast may be considered as the advanced posts of this great work. One of them will be constructed at the east end of Dymchurch Wall, and others also along and behind the wall, at Wyllop Marsh Land, and Clobesden Guts, to cover and protect the sluices at those places: these, with the different redoubts already constructed, will perfect the first line of defence from Hythe to Rye.

London, Feb. 28. This morning Rich. Hayward, alias Haywood, for cutting and maiming Benjamin Chantry; and John Tennant, for a burglary in the house of Robert Shaw, esq. Bridge-street, Blackfriars; were executed in pursuance of their sentence, before the debtors' door, in the Old Bailey. The conduct of the former of these miserable men, since his condemnation, has been

one continued scene of depravity: he yesterday attempted the life of one of the keepers, and otherwise so conducted himself, as to render it necessary to chain him to his cell.

March 1. The daughter of a peer eloped on Monday morning with the tutor of her brother. It was about two o'clock that the lady left her father's house in a post-chaise and four, in company with two of the male friends of her lover; he following the chaise at some distance, to avoid any unpleasant circumstances which might have arisen, had they been overtaken, from his being found in the lady's company.

It was from his lordship's seat in Norfolk that the fugitives took their departure. They were traced to Whitechapel by lord and lady P——. On their arrival in town, they applied to sir Richard Ford, and other magistrates in the Middlesex district, for assistance; but, notwithstanding every possible means were resorted to, the parties remained undiscovered. A letter is said to have been sent by the young couple yesterday, entreating forgiveness, and adding, that they were married by banns published some time since. They have not yet, however, discovered their place of residence.

The hero in this business is about thirty, and the lady is eighteen years of age. The attachment has been a growing one for some time, and is said to have been discovered a short time since by lady P. who acquainted her husband with it, and his lordship, in consequence, gave the gentleman intimation that it was his intention to procure him a more eligible situation. The tutor, apprehensive that he had been discovered, hastened to secure her flight without delay. Lady P. is stated to be inconsolable on the occasion.

It is, we suppose, the above young lady for the discovery of whom twenty guineas reward is offered.

2. A case of a curious nature was yesterday exhibited at Marlborough-street office. Susannah Williams, alias Smith, was charged with combining with others and false imprisoning Benjamin Chant. The prosecutor is the person who gave the principal evidence against Williams, now under sentence of death, for a highway robbery, in forcibly taking from a boy a quantity of newspapers, in Rupert-street. It appeared, by the statement of Chant, that he was called up by his master, Mr. Latchfort, a bit-maker, in Rupert-street, on Saturday evening, while at work, two men having said they had come to apprehend him, by warrant, for beating his wife. Chant denied the assertion; when they forcibly put him into a hackney coach, and he was conveyed to a receiving-house for seamen, at Tower-hill. He was there detained several hours, and he was informed that a woman, answering the description of the defendant, had given information at that house that he was a seaman, and they had consequently brought him thither. It also appeared, that the defendant had paid the coachman his fare. Yesterday morning Gregory and Slade, constables, procured a warrant, and repaired to the defendant's house, No. 2, Chapel-street, Grub-street, where a person of the name of Clark also resides, who made an unsuccessful attempt to invalidate the testimony of Chant, during the trial of Williams. The defendant was denied, when the constables repaired to Newgate and secured her. She confessed thas she had given information against Chant, who, she stated, should forfeit his life. The magistrate committed the prisoner, and gave directions that the other conspirators should be immediately searched for. It is but justice to an individual to say, that the receiving officer at the rendezvous set Chant at liberty, on hearing the circumstances by which he had been brought thither.

Jersey, March 5. The Young Phœnix, capt. Duval, arrived here last Saturday from Naples; sailed again for the Motherbank. She sailed from Naples 16th January, and stopped at Gibraltar, but without anchoring or having any communication with the shore. She has had sixteen days' passage from Gibraltar, and was there informed,

that the fleet from Malta to England had been captured by two French frigates; that the fleet consisted of thirty sail, convoyed by a sloop of war of 11 guns, and a six-bomb ship; that the sloop of war had fought the two frigates a long time, but was at last obliged to yield; that twenty-five of the convoy had been captured: five have escaped; one of these last was in Gibraltar Bay, the captain of which gave him the intelligence.

London, March 5. The committee upon the Middlesex election delivered their opinion this morning upon the petition presented against the return of the sheriffs, which is—

"That George Bolton Mainwaring, esq. was not duly elected.

"That sir Francis Burdett, bart. was duly elected, and ought to have been returned.

"That the petition against the said return was not frivolous nor vexatious."

Plymouth, March 7. Came in a rich Spanish prize, from Rio de la Plata, with some diamonds, ingots of gold and silver, dollars, and a valuable cargo, taken by the Pallas, of 32 guns, captain lord Cochrane. Another Spanish ship, Fortune, from Vera Cruz, laden with mahogany, logwood, and 432,000 dollars, captured by the Pallas, is not arrived. The Britannia, of 120 guns, rear-admiral Northesk, and Temeraire, 98 guns, captain Hervey, for Homoaze, will be soon ready in Cawsand Bay to join the channel fleet, which passed down for the Brest station yesterday, consisting of 16 sail of the line, 4 frigates, and 3 cutters.

Sailed for the river Thames all the Spanish vessels taken before the declaration of war against Spain, and condemned as droits to the admiralty, under convoy of a gun brig.—This day the Foudroyant of 84 guns, and Prince, 98 guns, took on board their bullocks, and will sail to-morrow or Saturday, to join the chanel fleet off Brest.—The Pallas and Endymion have been two of the most fortunate frigates in making rich captures since the Spanish war. The shares of the seamen and royal marines will be about 800 dollars each.

London, March 12. On Monday se'nnight an inquest was held on the body of John Nutter, who met with his death in the shop of Mr. Wm. Lister, of Halifax, clock and watch maker. The following circumstances relating to the fatal event appeared before the coroner and the jury:—One George Saltonstall, of Wadsworth, requested the deceased to purchase a clock for him: on the 2d instant, Saltonstall went with the deceased into Lister's shop; seeing a gun, he took it up, and on observing that the lock was worth nothing, Lister said it was a good one, and never missed fire. Lister then took it up, cocked the lock, struck it, and the gun went off, and, being charged with gunpowder and shot, the contents struck Nutter on the lower part of the belly, and he died the following day. It also appeared that Mr. Lister and the deceased were in perfect habits of intimacy, and that no harm could possibly be intended. Other witnesses were examined, who corroborated the facts above stated; but as it was advanced that Lister had, a very short time previous to the melancholy accident, charged the gun for the purpose of shooting a rat, it was thought that some degree of negligence was imputable to Lister; and though a verdict of *accidental homicide* was returned, yet the coroner thought it proper to make out a warrant of commitment against Lister for the castle at York, to answer for the neglect and inattention he had been guilty of. A widow and six children are left to mourn the premature fate of a kind husband and an affectionate father.

12. Sir William Rawlins and Albion Coxe, esq. the sheriffs who returned sir Frances Burdett at the general election, were, by a vote of the house of commons, ordered to be committed to Newgate. No period was specified for their confinement:—the house of commons, we believe, never fix any precise time for the imprisonment of those whom they may think it necessary to order into confinement.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 17. At his house in Upper Grosvenor-street, the lady of the hon. George Villiers, of a son.

20. The right hon. lady King, of a son and heir.

23. In Edward-street, Portman-square, the lady of sir William Blackett, bart. of a son.

26. At Castle-Malwood Cottage, Hants, the lady of the hon. Charles Murray, of a son.

27. The lady of James Peter Auriol, esq. of Park-lane, of a daughter and a son.

28. At Portsmouth, the hon. Mrs. Dashwood, lady of captain Dashwood of the navy, of a son.

March 2. The lady of captain Gooch, of Brunswick-square, of a daughter.

9. At Trevalor, in Cornwall, the lady of Rose Price, esq. of a daughter.

11. In Wimpole-street, the lady of John Neave, esq. of a son.

12. At Farringdon, Berks, the lady of Joseph T. Hone, esq. of a son.

12. At Dolevorgan, Montgomeryshire, the seat of John Herbert, esq. the lady of Richard Mytton, esq. of a daughter.

12. In Park-lane, the hon. Mrs. Codrington, of a son.

13. At his house in the Royal Crescent, Bath, the lady of P. J. Parker, esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 12. At Folkstone, John Finuiss, esq. paymaster 56th regiment, to miss S. Major, youngest daughter of the late William Major, esq. of that place.

19. At St. Ann's, Westminster, Mr. H. Tweedy, to miss Mary Anne Reid, of Chelsea.

21. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, Cha. Woodcock, youngest son of the late Elborough Woodcock, esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to miss Ann Parry, youngest daughter of Thomas Parry, esq. one of the directors of the East India Company.

21. At Oakham, Rutland, lieut. col. Kent, 10th foot, to Mrs. Steele.

21. At Mary-la-bonne church, capt. Leicester, of the royal staff corps, to miss Shirley, daughter of Barnard Shirley, esq. of Jamaica.

23. At Stonehouse, Devon, John Davies, esq. major in the Montgomery militia, to miss Charlotte Butt, third daughter of the late Peter Butt, esq.

23. At St. George's church, Hanover-square, John Gibson, esq. M. D. of York-street, St. James's-square, to miss de la Fontaine, of St. James's-street.

23. At Knaresborough church, by the rev. Francis Reed, Bethel Earnshaw Stag, esq. to miss Ellin Blake, youngest daughter of sir Francis Blake, of Twisel Castle, bart.

25. Edmond Luscombe, esq. of Stonehouse, Devon, contractor for Swedish stores to the royal dock-yards, to miss Caroline le Grice, second daughter of the late rev. Charles le Grice, of Bury St. Edmund's.

25. At Mary-la-bonne church, by the rev. Mr. Sandilands, Henry F. Greville, esq. late lieut. col. of the 4th dragoon guards, to lady Lambert.

28. At Dawlish, the rev. Charles Robinson, youngest son of sir George Robinson, bart. of Cranford, Northamptonshire, to miss Charlotte Pennyman, of Rise Cottage, Devon, daughter of sir James Pennyman, bart. of Ormsby Cleveland.

28. At Tavistock, the rev. Robert Serrel Wood, of Osmington, Dorset, to miss Bray, only daughter of Edward Bray, esq. of Abbey House, Tavistock, Devon.

28. At Colney-hatch, John White, jun. esq. of Devonshire-place, to miss Anne Down, daughter of Richard Down, esq. banker, Bartholomew-lane.

March 2. St. George's church, Hanover-square, Mr. Charles Booker, jun. of Guildford, Surry, to miss Neals, of the same place.

5. At St. Martin's in the Fields, Simon Brown, esq. of Chelsea, to miss Lowes, of West Hart-street, Covent-garden.

9. At Lymington, Hants, James Monro, esq. to miss Samber, only daughter of James Samber, esq. captain in the royal navy.

9. Mr. James Van Sommer, jun. of New Milman-street, to miss Eicke, of Highbury Terrace.

9. Mr. Richards, of Chancery-lane, solicitor, to Miss King, of Highgate.

11. James Cooper, esq. of Lavender

Hill, Surrey, to miss Ann Tomson, at St. Lawrence's, Ramsgate, niece to admiral Fox, of the same place.

12. At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Isaac Rolfe Boggis, esq. of Colchester, in the county of Essex, to miss Elizabeth Mavor Stubbs, second daughter of G. Stubbs, esq. of Great George-street, Westminster.

12. At Moccas Court, Wales, Mr. Lewis, to miss Harriet Cornwall, daughter to sir G. Cornwall, bart.

13. At Hackney, Mr. Hollis Solly, of Crutched Friars, to miss Harrison, of Grove Place, Hackney.

13. At Farndon, Cheshire, lieut. col. H. Maxwell, to miss Ann Thomas, daughter of the late Walter Thomas, esq. of Chester.

DEATHS.

Feb. 15. At Castle Grant, lady Grant, of Grant.

19. At Pentonville, in the 63d year of her age, Mrs. Mary French, eldest surviving daughter of the late Cymon French, esq. of French Brook, in the county of Roscommon.

20. At Navestock, of an inflammation, a few days after the birth of a surviving son, the right hon. lady Maria, wife of Nathaniel Micklethwaite, esq. and only daughter of the countess of Waldegrave.

21. In the 18th year of his age, Benjamin Sutton Bradbury, esq. of Richmond, Surrey.

21. At an advanced age, Mrs. D'Estrade, mother of Charles D'Estrade, esq. formerly of the island of Jamaica.

22. At Harewood-house, the right hon. lady Harewood.

24. On Sunday last, at her house in St. James's-square, in the 72d year of her age, the right hon. the countess dowager of Dartmouth, mother of the present earl.

25. At his son's house in Percy-street, in the 76th year of his age, Dr. William Buchan, author of Domestic Medicine, and several other publications.

25. At her house in Dublin, Mrs. Kelly, lady of the right hon. Thomas Kelly, late judge of his majesty's court of Common Pleas in Ireland.

25. At Bath, after a short illness, Mrs. Hopkins, lady of major-general Hopkins.

25. At Bath, in his 85th year, the hon. Thomas Pownall, of Eveston-house, Bedfordshire, formerly governor of New Jersey.

27. In Tavistock-place, Russel-square, Charles Hornsby, esq. late of Emanuel-college, Cambridge.

28. After a few days' illness, at a friend's house, at Much Hadham, in Hertfordshire, the lady of Wm. Schutz, esq. of Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk.

March 1. At his house in Bedford-square, George Shum, esq. member of parliament for Honiton, in Devonshire, and an eminent brewer in London, in partnership with alderman Combe.

1. After a short illness, Francis De Valangin, M. D. aged 80.

2. On Saturday, Stephen Williams, esq. many years one of the East-India directors.

3. On Sunday morning, at the age of 82 years, at her house in Lower Brook-street, Bridget countess dowager of Morton, relict of James earl of Morton.

9. After a long and severe illness, Michael Sampson, esq. of Spital-square, in the 63d year of his age.

Lately, at his seat in the county of Antrim, Ireland, Clotworthy Skeffington, earl of Massareene, viscount Massareene, and baron of Loughreagh. This nobleman was many years confined in the Bastile in France, and effected his escape in 1789, by marrying mademoiselle Mary-Ann Barrier, daughter of the governor, who, with her sister and her husband, became the partners of his flight, and accompanied him to Ireland. His lordship possessed many eccentricities: from his long residence in the Bastile, he contracted a habit of sleeping on a mattrass on the floor, and after his return to Ireland continued it, her ladyship resting on a bed of down in the same apartment; but this was not the only circumstance they disagreed in, and at last a separation took place. His lordship was in his 63d year, and is succeeded in his titles and estates by the hon. colonel Skeffington, his lordship's brother, who is gone to Ireland to take possession.